THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

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II. *View of Thornville Park.—An Engraving.*

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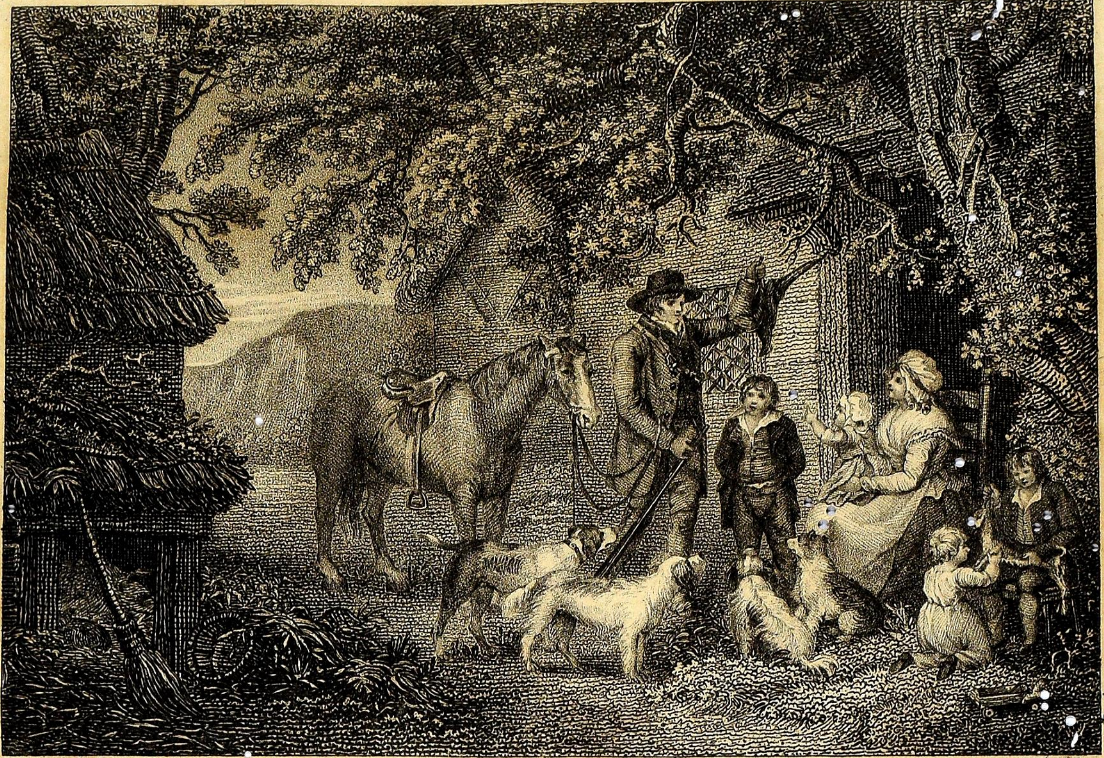
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT List of Winning Horses, with several other Communications, are come to hand, which shall be duly attended to in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



G. Morland, pinx.t

W. Nicholls, sc

Evening, or, the Sportsmans Return.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

EVENING, OR THE SPORTSMAN's RETURN.

Engraved by that ingenious and improving young Artist. Mr. W. Nichol.

From an original Painting by Morland.

THE following short extract from Hassel's Life of Morland, we give as an explanation of this plate.

"Thus fares it with the sportsman: should he chance to flush a woodcock, or spring a pheasant, in a country seldom known to produce one, the keen shot will never retire from the field without his object. With a look of exultation, the game-keeper is here exhibiting a cock pheasant, the pride of his day's sport. This print is made up of the inhabitants of the cottage, which are the family of the game-keeper, with his shooting poney and his sporting dogs. The animals are all well painted."

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THESE hounds began their season with the greatest merit due to that unequalled huntsman, Tom Oldaker, as having hunted them in such superior style. They have been to cover only sixteen times in Gloucestershire, and killed, to the astonishment of every one, twenty-one foxes.

They arrived at Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, their kennel, on the first instant; were to hunt Black Park on Monday the third instant; and at Ryslip, and kennel on Wednesday. On Saturday, the eighth instant, they were to be at Croxley Green.

The above hounds will be kept this season in the greatest style imaginable, as they have numbers of fresh subscribers.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

THIS Meeting, which was to have taken place on the first whole week of November, was deferred till the 17th instant.

The meeting was then numerous, both as to members, and of gentlemen who honoured the meeting with their company,

TUESDAY, the first public coursing day, was a continued rain: the Prize Cup, however, was run for by six dogs, and won as under, the first course for it being undecided:

Sir T. Slingsby's b. b. Serpent..	1
Sir M. M. Sykes's white dog...	2
Mr. Best's black dog.........	3
Major Topham's black dog....	4
Mr Torre's dog, (slipped too soon, and disqualified.........	0

The course was very short, the hares not being able to stand before the dogs. The weather proved so unfavourable, that not above ten matches

matches were run. The hares were plentiful, but could not run well.

WEDNESDAY.—The fox-hounds threw off at Housholm Wood, but no fox was found there.

This day, Mr. Treacher's br. g. Canterbury, 11st. beat the Hon. Martin Hawke's br. g. Prince Bangradion, 10st. 7lb.—Two miles, 200gs each.—Mr. Tatton Sykes rode Canterbury.

THURSDAY.——Many matches were run on the higher part of the Wharram Grounds, where the hares ran very stoutly, and afforded some long courses.

On this day, Young Snowdrop and Thunder, (who beat the winner of the cup) were purchased by Mr. Watt, of Major Topham, both got by Old Snowball.

AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS OF THE DEVONSHIRE MISER.

I BELIEVE there have been few, if any anecdotes of this very extraordinary character ever published, although in many instances, they far surpass the eccentricities of Mr. Elwes, Mr. Daniel Dancer, or any other miser who has gone before him.

Mr. R—— is nearly 80 years of age, and possesses a handsome independent fortune, yet the house in which he resides is a small wretched cottage at the extreme end of the Town of M——y, which, even if it was in good repair, would scarcely be fit for a mechanic to live in; and as Mr. R—— has neither called in the aid of a carpenter or a mason for many years, the greater part of the roof is fallen in, and he is consequently compelled to sleep on the ground floor. The windows are all broken, not a single pane of glass remaining, and the vacancies are partly filled up with pieces of old board, sheepskins, &c. &c. His bed is a large old chest, in which he lays himself down on some wool, covering himself over with the same, for he has neither sheets, blankets, or quilt; nor has he for nearly fifty years past, ever been known to wear either a shirt, stockings, coat, or waistcoat, but wraps himself up in any miserable remnants of old tattered blankets, carpets, sacks, bed-curtains, or any other wretched things of that sort, *which cost him nothing*; nor has he (for he considers it an unnecessary trouble and expence) suffered a razor to pass over his chin for many years. When his beard becomes so long round the mouth as to inconvenience him in eating, he contrives to shorten it by the help of an old pair of scissars he keeps for that purpose.

What renders the conduct of this very singular character still more extraordinary, is, that although he keeps part of his estates in hand, and may have many fat bullocks, and fat sheep, grazing on his own lands, yet he will deny himself the use of a single ounce of either beef, or mutton, unless he can obtain it *without parting with his money*. In fact he is never known to purchase a joint of meat for his own consumption, but if he can get information where there is a sheep or lamb which have died by accident, he will walk any distance to obtain it, take it home, dress it himself (for he has no person whatever living in the house with him) and devour it with an excellent appetite from the circumstance, as he himself declares, of its *not having cost him any thing*. To such an extreme did he carry this passion for feed-

ing

ing on meat so obtained, that, some time since, it nearly cost him his life, by eating a large quantity of it in a state bordering on putridity, although at the same time he possessed many head of fat cattle on his own estate, and had wool to a very considerable amount rotting in his house, because, as he expressly declared, the *dealers* would not give him so much BY A FARTHING PER POUND, as he supposed it to be worth; a point on which he feels extremely tenacious, for rather than sell any produce of his estate for one penny under what he conceives to be the value of it, he will keep it by him until he sustains a very considerable loss by so doing.

One anecdote, amidst a variety of others which are recited of this extraordinary man, will strongly evince his great passion for money, and that he is a miser eclipsing all his predecessors. Some years ago he resided by himself in a house standing alone in the country, and as it was generally understood that he kept a great number of *guineas* (for he always objects to taking bank notes) secreted in his house, some villains broke into it in the dead of night, seized the old gentleman, and threatened instantly to murder him unless he confessed to them where his money was concealed; but all their menaces were in vain, for he most obstinately persisted in refusing to disclose where his *treasure* was concealed: in consequence of which they bound him fast down to the floor, and covering him with wood, straw, &c. they actually set it on fire in order to extort a confession from him; but it was all to no effect, for although very much burnt, he still resolutely persisted in declaring, amidst all his tortures, that "*he would much rather be burnt to death than that they should have his money.*" However, to prevent a circumstance of the kind from occurring again, he quitted his country-house, and took up his present residence in the Town of M——y.

From Mr. R——'s wretched appearance, it is no uncommon thing for strangers passing through the town to offer him something for charity, which, however, he uniformly declines, at the same time feelingly pointing out to them some poor people who are his near neighbours, and on whom their good intentions may be well bestowed; although, in point of dress and appearance, they are much superior to Mr. R——. His renunciation of the world, and "all its *pomps* and *vanities*" (to use his own words) took place so many years ago, that it would be difficult to trace or ascertain the exact causes of it: the most probable one, is *disappointed love*, to which many of his oldest neighbours agree in attributing it, as well as in representing him to have been, in the early part of his life, "a *handsome well-dressed young man.*"—Mr. R—— has many relatives in the neighbourhood of his residence, who are respectably circumstanced and situated in life, and they have used every possible exertion to reconcile him again to the world, and to induce him to dress, and live in that stile, and with those comforts about him, which his fortune would so fully admit of: but all their endeavours are fruitless; he still persists in his old habits, from which no considerations or persuasions whatever can induce him to deviate in the smallest degree.—At particular times he is very conversant, and anxious to obtain the news of the day, so much so, that nothing

can

can oblige him more than to read a newspaper to him. Nay, so great is his passion for political intelligence that he has been known to give *a penny* for a paper, on the second or third day, although he has never failed to condemn it as "*an unwarrantable piece of extravagance.*" On politics he discourses freely, and uniformly reprobates the too lavish expenditure of the public money: in short, rigid economy, or rather parsimony, is the leading feature, the constant, the never-failing theme of all his conversation; and evidently the great object to which all his attention is directed, whether as relating to his own concerns, or the concerns of the nation.—The authenticity of these anecdotes you may rely on.

I am your's, &c.

AN OBSERVER,

M——y, Nov. 1806.

LIST OF LORD FOLEY'S HOUNDS, AT QUORNDON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

THESE Hounds, (says the worthy correspondent who has favoured us with the list of them,) are going to loose their present master, and will not, I am afraid, very soon find another equal to him.

Age.	*Names.*	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
10	Guzman	German	Music
	Dorcas	Gayman	Dolly
	Ranter	Ranter	Sopha
9	Chanticleer	German	Caroline
	Sultan	Stormer	Harmless
	Vestal	Ditto	Gadfly
	Winsom	Gayman	Watchful
	Pastime	Pillager	Go-by
	Vanquisher, Vaunter, Vengeance	Ranter	Charlotte
	Nathan	From the Duke of Grafton's	
8	Archer	Sparkler	Aimable
	Harmony	Maltster	Harpy
	Damsel	Champion	Doxy
7	Columbine	German	Caroline
	Skilful	Stormer	Pastime
	Ransom	Guardian	Charlotte
	Granville, Garland	Guzman	Modesty
	Prosper, Priestess	Pillager	Clio
	Vanity	Nathan	Virgin
	Dexterous	Ld Spencer's Dancer	Wishful
6	Bravery, Bonnybell	Guardian	Blowsy
	Gracious	Guzman	Melody

6 Prudence

Age.	*Names.*	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
6	Prudence	Pontiff	Winsom ....
5	Jackimo	Guardian	Hoyden ....
	Ravager		
	Rival		
	Remnant	Guzman..........	Rarity ....
	Roundelay		
	Lashwood	Guzman..........	Damsel ....
	Saladine		
	Syren	Sultan	Spiteful ....
	Sprightly		
	Tarquin	Tantrum	Desperate ....
	Flourish	Ranter	Cora ....
	Hermit	Nathan	Hasty ....
4	Grandison	Guardian	Myrtle ....
	Reveller		
	Rapture	Guzman..........	Rosamond ....
	Joyful		
	Jealousy..........	Challenger	Jollity ....
	Gamestress		
	Courtier		
	Cheerful	Coroner	Ardent ....
	Chantress.........		
	Auditor	Coroner	Audry ....
	Royal		
	Regent		
	Rampant		
	Restless	Ranter	Blameless.........
	Rosamond		
	Rally		
	Fury		
	Fatal	Ranter	Cora ....
	Fearless		
	Manager	Marksman........	Priestess ....
3	Vocal............	Guzman..........	Vicious ....
	Gaiety	Challenger	Guileful ....
	Libertine	Ditto	Lapwing ....
	Senator	Sultan	Rosaline.........
	Courtesy	Cruizer..........	Resolute.........
	Harlequin		
	Hotspur		
	Heedless..........	Judgment.........	Harmony.........
	Helen............		
	Chancellor		
	Caliban		
	Censor	Ranter	Cora............
	Chloris...........		
	Celia		
	Baffler		
	Bauble	Ranter	Bonnybell ....

Age.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
3	Rhapsody	Ranter	Blameless
	Ruin		
	Hero	Nathan	Hasty
	Hostess		
	Niobe	Ranter	Notable
2	Matchless	Tantrum	Milliner
	Facer	Guzman	Fallacy
	Fair-maid		
	Friendship		
	Baronet	Ranter	Bonnybell
	Bounty		
	Chaser	Ranter	Cora
	Chariot		
	Lilliput	Tamerlane	Courtesy
	Lazarus		
	Liberty		
	Halbert	Nathan	Hasty
	Foreman	From the Duke of Grafton's	
	Falstaff	Bacchus	Fury
	Filer		
	Faithless		
	Folly		
1	Cerberus	Guzman	Courtesy
	Cymbaline		
	Frantic	Guzman	Fatal
	Satellite	Guzman	Selina
	Scota		
	Spinster		
	Dædalus	Guzman	Damsel
	Denmark		
	Dairymaid		
	Comedy	Ranter	Cora
	Beatrice	Ranter	Bonnybell
	Butterfly		
	Rosebud	Chanticleer	Rapture
	Rantipole		
	Relish		
	Polydore	Sultan	Pastime
	Portia		
	Driver	Tantrum	Dexterous
	Commodore	Hermit	Courtesy
	Corporal		
	Ceres		
	Domini	Hermit	Desperate
	Daffodil		
	Centinel	Harlequin	Conquest
	Cynthia		
	Babylon	Sultan	Blameless

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE FISH-WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain. HUD.

SCENE.—*The front of a Police-office.*

WELL Bet! how did you come on? how have you settled it?

"O! you never see such a place in your life as it is, Sall; there is that pock-fretted fellow with a flower in his mouth, that stands at the door there, he threatened just now to have me lock'd up for my impudence: says I, 'If you can find me a better lodging than I have now, I shall be much obliged to you, for I can assure you,' says I, 'mine is but a poor one at present; just so.'—And because I could'nt treat the rascal with brandy, as the other did, he told the justice as how I was a common nuisance.—O, you never see such a place in your life as it is!

"Says I, 'your worship, this publican, lives in Dark-house lane; and because I would'nt pay him twice over for my gin, he beat me about the head with a pewter pot, and push'd me out of doors into the mud; just so,' says I.—Says the Justice, says he, 'where is your witnesses?' Says I, 'my wounds and bruises are my witnesses, your worship, for I can't afford to bring any others here, your worship,' says I, just so, as I may say to you, Sall. And the publican said, as how I palted mud at him, and as how, I slapt his chops with a stinking mackrel, he did.

"So," says the Justice, says he, "though this man is the *publican*, I believe you are the *sinner!*" and then he laughed at me, he did, and told me to "go and discharge the warrant." "Then," says I, "is nobody to give me satisfaction for the assault, and the loss of my bonnet," says I, "but I see plain enough, that justice is bought and sold here, as well as sprats is at Billingsgate; just so," says I.—O! you never see such a place in your life, as it is, Sall!"

John Morris Flindall.

THE IRISHMAN AND LANTHORN.

By the same.

IN the dark reign of midnight Pat knock'd at his door,
All elated, to find he'd escap'd through the moor.
"My terrors have left me!" in tears said his bride,
"But what's that I see dangles close by your side?"
"Why, this bright silver guide, got me safe through the flood,
But my hat and my shoes are both left in the mud."
"Ah! honey, your wisdom shall live in renown,
For 'tis better to buy a new lanthorn than drown;
But," says she, "you're bespatter'd in pitiful plight,
Did the wind or the water, Pat, put out your light?"
"The light! by St. Patrick, that bitch of block tin,
When this lanthorn he made, *never put the light in!*"

THE RECONCILIATION.

As Robin came whistling down the green hill,
Fair Anna, his darling, came tripping in view;
He kiss'd, but she cried, and press'd on to the mill,
"Begone from my presence; ah! do, Robin, do!"

"There's Peggy and Patty partake of your care,
Your promise is faithless, your heart is untrue;
With the girl of your choice you was seen at the fair;
Begone from my presence, now do, Robin, do."

He kiss'd her again, and the ring he display'd,
Says he—"The dear token, I vow, is for you;
Next Sunday to church will I lead you, dear maid."
She blush'd, as she faulter'd, "ah! do, Robin, do!"

THE late splendid capture of five of the enemy's best frigates being the topic of conversation, an Irish gentleman quaintly observed, "By ——, it is no wonder that the English should *sweep* the seas, when they get all their *brooms ready made!*"

AT a public dinner a few days ago, at Plymouth, the Right Worshipful the Mayor gave the following sentiment:—"May the hides of Buenos Ayres be speedily tanned in England." The company being numerous, before it reached the bottom of the table, the words degenerated into—"May the *hide* of *Buonaparte* be speedily tanned in England."

A LITTLE man who went once to see O'Brien, the Irish giant, was very impertinent in his questions, which, however, were answered with civility; but as the *little* son of Æsculapius was leaving the room, the giant followed him, and desired the money-receiver to return him his shilling, adding, "that he had been as much entertained with his *littleness* as that gentleman could have been with his *greatness*."

OLD Musty had married a modish young flirt,
Who calling one holiday morn for her *shirt*,
"Why, how now," quoth Musty, "what say you," quoth he,
"What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?"—"Be sure, Sir," quoth she,
"All women wear shirts."—"Nay," quoth he, "then, I trow,
What has long been a riddle is plain enough, now;
For, when *women* wear *shirts*, it can lack no great gifts,
To discern why their *husbands* are put to their *shifts*.

REPARTEE in a sand-cart.—A sand-merchant a few mornings ago was bawling out "red sand!" so forcibly as to awaken a *bagman*, who, popping his head from an inn window, passionately exclaimed:—"What the D——l does the fellow mean by disturbing people with his noise?"—When the sandman, who was waiting for his boy, then carrying out an order, coolly answered—"I'm only waiting for my—*traveller*."

A POOR cobler was lately charged with heel-tapping a shoe for a customer on a Sunday. He acknowledged the charge, but said that if he did not sometimes *break* the Sabbath, the Sabbath would *break him*.

MR. Sheridan is as facetious as ever. Last week, passing through Pall Mall, he called in at Kelly's, the singer and composer. In the course

course of conversation, Mr. Kelly, who it seems is accused by his enemies of being a great plagiarist from the musical productions of foreign countries, intimated his intention of commencing wine-merchant, an occupation which the extensiveness of his acquaintance would necessarily render lucrative; but he observed that he did not know how to reconcile the practice of two employments so dissimilar. "Oh," exclaimed Mr. Sheridan, "I'll tell you how to obviate that difficulty:—Put up a large board, with these words painted on it—"Music *imported*, and wines *composed*, by Michael Kelly!"

Mr. Sheridan being asked whether he thought Mr. O'Brien was right in his assertion, that many thousands of the electors of Westminster would vote for the Duke of Northumberland's *Porter*, were he put up, coolly replied—"No; my friend O'Brien is wrong; but they might for Mr. Whitbread's *porter!*"

The pun accidental.—An Irish bricklayer, a few days ago, in Manchester, while at work, making an arch in an upper room, talking of his ability as a workman, exclaimed—"I would'nt give a spalpleen for a man that couldn't go quickly through his work!" At that moment the arch failed, and the honest fellow literally went *through his work*, we are happy to add, unhurt.

A certain medical gentleman, to whom a celebrated treatise on the art of *dissecting a goose* is generally attributed, was discoursing lately on the subject of the Vaccine Innoculation; and conceiving his auditory might be ignorant of the etymology of the word "Vaccine," informed them with all the seeming dignity of a scholar, that it was derived from "*Vaccus*," which in Latin was a *cow*. "Excuse me, Sir," interrupted a gentleman present, "that is certainly a *bull!*"

The following is an extract from an advertisement in the Belfast News Letter.—"Suffy O'Neil, otherwise Suffy Cormican, my wife hath done evil, in that she hath withdrawn herself from me. However, since it is so, she may now do as she pleases; I will take care of myself. And I hereby caution the public that I will not pay any debts she may contract, of course they had better not trust her any thing. —Given under my hand.

Henry O'Neil, ✕ his mark.

Our shop-keepers seem to have very different views of what articles may be wanted at Buenos Ayres; one advertises complete *barrel organs*, while his opposite neighbour recommends excellent *barrelled oysters*.

A Mahometan writer, speaking of the different sects of his religion, says—"All sectaries are different, because they spring from men; but morality is the same throughout, because *it flows from God*.

A modern fabulist has introduced a dialogue between a magpie and a goose. The former reproaches the latter with stupidity—"It is true," said the goose, "I don't *chatter* so much as you, mistress *Mag*, but I *write* more.

Maria Anne Victoire, of Bavaria, the Dauphiness of France, was a woman of wit. Louis XIV. said to her one day—"You never told me, Madam, that you had a sister

the

the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who is very beautiful." "It is true, Sire," answered the Dauphiness, I have a sister who is the *handsomest* of the family, but I am the *happiest* of it."

EXTRAORDINARY ACTOR.

LO! here is a player of uncommon merit—
He always plays best when he plays *without spirit*.

BONAPARTE TO THE JEWS.

YOUR *promis'd land* to you I'll give,
Bring me your goods and money;
Lo! *France* shall be your *Palestine*,
My *words* your *milk and honey*!

The Green Man.——Brighton, October 18.—The general ridicule which the extravagant manners and costume of Mr. Coape, distinguished as the Green Man, excited here, is changed to pity; as his eccentricities have now been proved to have originated in mental derangement. About six o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Coape, for such, I believe, is his name, was perceived lying on the summit of the wall built at the base of the Cliff to prevent the encroachments of the water there, opposite to his lodgings, No. 11, Marine Parade. A person soon after descended to him, and found that he was much hurt, as he had obviously let himself down from the margin of the cliff, a depth of many feet, to the place where he was discovered. On being conveyed to his lodgings, on examination, it was found that he had received a deep wound on the head, many severe bruises about the body, and broke one of the small bones of his foot. His having escaped with life is consi[illegible]ed as almost a miracle, as it is supposed that ere he took the leap from the margin of the cliff he had previously sprung from his one-pair of stairs drawing-room window into the road, though at what precise hour has not been ascertained. The unfortunate gentleman has been quite delirious since yesterday morning, though I do not learn that any apprehensions are entertained for his life. Every body speaks in the most feeling manner of his misfortune; and the shafts of ridicule will never, in this quarter, be levelled at him again.

A WILD DOG.

Mr. Editor,—As I had heard frequent complaints from the neighbouring farmers of a strange dog which had done much damage to their flocks, I was induced to go out in pursuit of him. I accordingly on Monday October the 6th went out with my gun in my hand to some woods about four miles and a half from Pomfret, and having walked about for near two hours, I saw a black and white dog come up to me about as big as a large fox-hound, I waited for him, and stayed till he had smelt all round me, and walked off from me a little way to a cart, which was going to Pomfret market with a load of butchers' meat; I then followed him, when I saw him with great ferocity leap into the cart, and return with a leg of mutton, which he laid down, and then leaped up again and brought a leg of pork towards me and descended a place, which only appeared like common ground, being covered with furze, he then returned to look for the mutton, which I had removed and which when he missed, he foamed at the mouth, seemed very angry, but returned to his cavern, where he stayed for about ten minutes, all which time I was attentively watching

watching his coming up, with the muzzle of my gun close to the hole where he descended, and as I heard him coming up, I discharged my piece, which struck him on the breast and killed him. When I and some friends went the next day to this place, we found it about six feet long and three feet high, where we found several skins and the bones of dead sheep, which this surprising animal had lived on some time. Your's, &c.

A. SMITHSON.

Pontefract, Oct. 15th.

LOTTERY, DREAMS, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—I am sure if you are as knowing a one as I take you to be, you will be able to inform me, how I may be certain of success in chusing a number in the Lottery to *buy* or to insure upon.

For these many years I have been accustomed to purchase every year an *eighth* in the lottery, and *to do a little in the way of insuring*, during the whole time while the tickets were drawing, I was careful to choose those which were reckoned the *luckiest numbers*. I attended to all my *dreams* and never failed to take the opinion of my neighbours in regard to their meaning: if I *dreamed* of a leg of mutton I considered it as the figure 6 or 9, and insured accordingly; if I dreamed of a coach and six, a pound of candles, a dozen bottles of gin, a house and garden at Pimlico, a red nose, a gouty limb, a dish of sprats, or a gooseberry tart, I used still to find out from the subjects of my dream some number that would make me mistress of twenty thousand pounds. I once consulted that great astrologer Dr. Sybil; and since, more than one or two cunning women. If ever a neighbour in whom I could have confidence advised me to *insure upon this or that number* as a fortunate one, I gladly followed their advice.

After all this, Sir, would you believe it? I have never gained even a ten thousand pound prize; in insuring I have been strangely unlucky, just after I had given up a particular number, that number has been drawn a capital prize, so that if I had but persevered it would have made my fortune; when I have for many days, renewed my insurance for a prodigious great sum upon a number, the number has to my bitter disappointment, been drawn a blank or a prize directly contrary to the terms of my insurance.

But after all, Sir, I am convinced that if I had interpreted my dreams truly, if my neighbours had been as skilful as they pretended, if the cunning women had not imposed upon me, and the astrologer had not been an old woman, I could not but have been successful. Jane the journeyman shoemaker's wife, pawned every rag she had, to procure money to purchase a sixteenth of a number she had dreamed of, and actually got above a thousand pounds. Many a ten thousand has been got by the skilful choice of a lottery ticket, therefore I wish to be informed by you or some of your correspondents what *number* I must purchase to get a twenty thousand, and how to understand my dreams so as to be rightly directed by them in my insurance. In complying with this request you will exceedingly oblige, Sir,

Your humble servant,

LETITIA LUCKLESS.

Whitechapel, Nov. 3.

PEDIGREE

PEDIGREE of a Poet's Horse.—Young Pegasus was got by Orontophitus, belonging to the tutelar saint of England, on which he slew the fiery dragon; his dam, Pansophia, that beat the famous *Veni, vidi, vici*, Mare, of Julius Cæsar; his grandsire Bucephalus, his master Alexander of Macedon, who with him beat the globe, and at his death built the city Bucephala, near Hydaspes, to his memory; his grandam Lais, that won immense sums at Corinth; his great grand sire Bellerophontisibus, which Bellerophon run against the Chimeræ, and beat hollow; his great grand dam Semiramis, that distanced the Persian Cyrus on the plains of Persepolis; his great great grand sire Bosporus run against time in the *Via Lactis*, but Jupiter betting considerably against him, sent a gad-fly to sting him, and threw his rider; his great great grand dam after winning many plates, was the principal hunter in Actæon's stables; his great, great, great, grand sire the off stallion in Phæton's car; his great, great, great, grand dam Avis, that won a flying match against Priam of Troy; his great, great, great, great grand sire Pegasus Volatus, generated from the blood of Medusa, and for his swiftness was made a constellation.—*Pegasus æthere summo agitat pinnas et sidere gaudet.*

A FOREIGNER, who had lately travelled through England, observed on his return, that he had met with few castles in his tour—"No," said an Englishman who was present, "our finest *castles* are on the sea."

A GENTLEMAN, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first child*—but *never afterwards*.

THE Cardinal Aquaviva complained to Pope Leo X. that Michael Angelo, in his fine picture of the *last day*, had placed him in *hell*: "If the painter," said his Holiness, "had placed your Eminence in *purgatory*, I could have released you; but as to *hell*, my power does not extend so far."

COMIC Pun.—A gentleman was conversing with Mr. Blanchard, in Bow-street, yesterday; at the moment a Mr. Spring passed and bowed.—"Pray," said the Comedian, "is that the new box office keeper of Drury-lane?" "*Ecce homo*," was the reply; "there's Bow-street Latin for you." "Oh, no!" rejoins the son of Thespis, placing his finger and thumb under his left ear—"*Exit homo* is Bow-street Latin.

THE Retort appropriate.—A gentleman in the Rules of the King's Bench was lately subpœnaed in a cause as a witness; when the first address of a *pert* Counsel to him was—"I believe, Sir, you are in the Rules of the King's Bench?" To which the witness replied:——"You, Sir, *I know to be out of the Rules of Decency*, by your question, as not being relative to what I am come to answer."

SPORTING Phrases affected in a religious Controversy.—The author of a pamphlet lately addressed to a preacher named M'Culla begins as follows:

"You will easily perceive by the following letter, that our acquaintance had scarcely commenced, when an

an old and frequently-run fox, attempted to break the same, by creeping into my little fold, to commit his nocturnal depredations.—But as the sheep-cot is strongly guarded with gins, traps, nooses, pits, snares, and nets of various construction, with other weapons wielded by valiant defenders, because of fear in the night, Cant. iii. 8, old Reynard happened to be taken.—His stench being as that of a pole-cat, or of a he-goat, he was so nauseous, that the young lambs began to bleat for the mother's protection, and the old sheep to stamp with their feet, &c. &c."

It is not less singular that this versatile declaimer, in the conclusion of his pamphlet, adopts a seaman's stile, and tells his antagonist that as he, the latter, "appears to be fore-ordained to steer among these ingulphing quicksands, he, foreseeing the evil that awaits, shall hard-a-weather, and sheer off."

ELECTIONEERING Intelligence extraordinary.—At a meeting of the inhabitants of an Eastern District, at the Puss-in-Boots, White-cross-street, Gilbert Ironside, Esq. in the chair.

It was unanimously resolved—That Dr. Packwood should be requested to represent the County of Leather.

Dr. Packwood, in a neat speech, thanked the gentlemen for the honour intended, and observed that his principles were independent. He wished to promote health and long life; and, by his improvements in manufacturing *shoes* and *boots* he had attained that end. He then appealed to the Chairman, (an athletic man) whether the vigour of his constitution had not been preserved by wearing his impenetrable Boots and Shoes; and, added he, you will scarcely find a representative more interested in your corporeal welfare than I shall be. This speech was received with loud applauses and the meeting adjourned.

UNMARRIED Ladies.—The delicate and restrained condition that custom has long imposed upon females, subjects them to great disadvantages; a lady of extensive connections offers to obviate these impediments; she is enabled to unite those she deems worthy of her assistance to suitable persons; and pledges herself to a confidence and secresy so inviolate, that the parties may be affianced without discovering by what means the marriage was affected. Apply or address to Mrs. M. &c. &c. &c.

THE KING.

A GOOD subject to treat,
You're at no loss to meet,
In England, which millions displays:
There's our King—you'll say *he*
No *subject* can be,
Unless its a *subject* for praise.

Agricultural aids
Proves our King of Spades;
Britain's wealth, King of Diamonds imparts;
To our foes, sorry scrubs,
He'll prove King of Clubs;
But at home always prove King of Hearts.

Thus four honours in hand,
His game sure to stand,
Though our foes to bravade him don't stick;
But his volunteer guards
Are so many trump cards,
To shew Bonaparte the odd trick.

A FEW days ago, a coach came in contact with the wheels of a cart loaded with brooms. The collision took place at Charing Cross,

Cross, and the carter making no effort to extricate his cart from the wheels of the hackneyman, the coachman became enraged, and swore he would draw the cart to the Parliament-house. "Do," says the carter, "the *brooms* will be of some use there, for it is a d—d dirty place."

A rich citizen lately deceased, left each of his two daughters, as their fortunes, their weight in £1 Bank notes; and on being put into the scale, the eldest weighed seven stone 2lb, and the youngest eight stone. The eldest, in consequence, became possessed of a fortune amounting to £51,200; and the youngest, being the heaviest, to £57,344.—It was ascertained on the following scale:—Thirty-two Bank notes, of £1 each, weigh an ounce avordupois; 512 notes will therefore weigh a pound; 51,200 notes will weigh seven stone two pounds, or a hundred pounds; and 57,344 notes will weigh 112 pounds, or eight stone.

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

A MAN of kindness, to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions shew a brutal mind.
Remember—He who made thee made thy brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain; but God's omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge;
But know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

Duel Extraordinary!—At Alnwick, some days ago, a duel was intended to be fought between a *puerile* son of Esculapius and a *lean* carcase butcher, both eminent competitors for the prize of libertinism.—This wonderful instance of courage originated at one of their nightly meetings of drunkenness and debauchery, about the natural and acquired powers of one of their inseparable associates, a *terrier dog*. Neither of our opponents being skilled in argument, and one of them disputing the natural powers of their *common friend*, a blow was the consequence. Our *heroes* materially differing in point of size, it was thought fit, and *heroically* fixed on, not to end the quarrel on any consideration, but with the loss of life: nay, they were so *resolutely determined* to *die*, that on the night previous to the duel, they went about proclaiming that their resolution was irrevocable! We accordingly find them in the morning, accompanied by their seconds, proceeding to the place of intended bloodshed. After the usual business preceding such awful determinations, the *inflexible heroes* took their places, and prepared to precipitate each other into eternity, when, on a sudden, their bodies were shaken, their limbs distorted, and their very natures appeared changed; in fine, the heroes were converted into *cowards*, and the contents that were designed to send them to *heaven*, were amicably *discharged into the air!!!*

An honest publican in a village on the banks of the Thames, having re-opened a house known by the sign of the East-India-House, has thought proper to have the following words, "*The East-India-House reformed*," painted over his door in large letters. Nothing beyond a little petty plundering, or some insignificant squabbles among a few women of the town, could have given rise to the *reform* thus announced; which does not by any means allude

lude to another Public House whose owners the great Earl of Chatham, who must have been a poor shallow-brained politician, compared with his son, called, "the lofty plunderers in Leadenhall-street.

A BRACE OF FASHIONABLES.

MOUNTED aloft, the wonder of his age,
With hackney-coachmen furious war to wage;
Six swandown waistcoats swathe him into shape,
His legs all buckskin, and his coat all cape;
With manners, looks, and language such, you'd swear
His tutor had been Piccadilly's Bear.
When most contemptible most hoping praise,
And only envious of the groom he pays;
Four dappled greys in front, behind, three men,
Down Bond-street dashing, to dash up again;
Then only in his heighth and pomp of pride,
When girl or gambler's seated by his side;
Driving by day, dicing by night his passion,
Such is the modern man of high-flown fashion!
Such are the scions sprung from Runnymead!
The richest soil that bears the rankest weed!
Potatoe-like, the sprouts are worthless found,
And all that's good of them is under ground.

Of pride one single sketch in crayons more.
Behold her torch! hark! thunder strikes the door;
The carriage stops, the footmen make a lane,
The feathers stoop, and enter Lady Jane;
Perfect in how d'ye do, drop, bob, and bow,
Curtseys, my friends, are out of fashion now.
First to his Grace, next to the next of birth,
She none forgets—save genius, wit, and worth;
Whom if she marks, 'tis with a modish stare,
To ask who knows them, or how came they there?
Now at the Bank, in anti-chamber kept,
Where Pharoah's host twelve tedious hours had slept,
She seats herself, like palpitating lover
Eager the last night's losses to recover.
No sense of virtue, dignity, or shame,
Her greatest pride, her knowledge of the game;
That pride most piqu'd, most mortified to see,
A Nabob's wife stake larger sums than she;
And now three anxious hours have slipt away,
Three hundreds have been lost in piddling play.
No luck for her! Aloud fresh cards she calls,
Her passions rising, as her pocket falls;
She punts; again she loses, and again!
Oaths quiver on her lip! she names the ten.
Stung to the soul, a desp'rate set she makes,
Till e'en the winning banker deals and quakes.
Ghastly she pants, with horror in her eye,
To be the first the fatal card to spy;
The fatal card is turn'd, and ends the reign
Of fashion, folly, pride, and Lady Jane.

Nov. 1806. J. J. B.

AN Odd Fellow.—The crowds who assembled at Doncaster during the races, which have just finished, were very much amused by an eccentric character, who appeared upon the course in a carriage of his own construction, tied together with thongs, drawn by mules, and in every respect so contrived as to elude taxation. It is far from being an inelegant vehicle, and an artist at Doncaster has made a sketch of it, which might be valuable to a speculating coachmaker.—This odd fellow was originally a tanner, and boasts of having tanned the hide of a late Duke, who was hung for

the murder of his female servant. Among other whimsicalities he has made a will, in which he orders, that, on his death, his body shall be attended to the grave by twelve *old maids (if so many can be found)*, who shall have reached the age of seventy, and who can swear to their being *true virgins!* to each of these a small legacy is allotted.

THE following is a literal copy of an order to the governor of a Workhouse to admit a pauper:—" Sur, you will place to admit the " Barer which is *unseen*."—It may be necessary to say, that the latter word is meant for *insane*.

WE must insert one more of the " miseries of human life," and pray observe the quotation:—

" As you are walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery."

This is too much, the *scholar* replies, and adds—

" Ne QUID nigh miss!"

THE Monotroche,—A most curious sort of gig, called a *Monotroche*, from its having only one wheel, was exhibited in Bond Street, the 24th inst. where it attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The wheel consists of one nave, with two rims, upon a three-feet axletree, the spokes inserted from the nave alternately into each rim. From the shortness of the axle-tree, the carriage is evidently exposed to the danger of over-setting; but to guard against any accident of this kind, there is at each extremity of the axle-tree, an iron scythe, within three inches of the ground, to answer as a *fulcrum*, in case of any great inclination to either side. This carriage thus armed with a *scythe*, is, probably, intended for the use of that class of physicians, described by Addison, in the following line:—

" Some *slay* in chariots, some on foot."

BAKER rob Baker.—Very lately, as a journeyman baker left his basket before a gentleman's house in Rotherhithe, while serving some customers, one of his own fraternity left an empty basket, and took away that which was full of bread. This sort of exchange created a deal of confusion in the place, the man running in every direction for the recovery of his master's property, when a boy directed him to pursue a man, who was running fast towards the water side; the latter, however, took boat, by which he eluded detection. The loss to the journeyman was upwards of 50s. besides his accounts, which were of more considerable value, as there were a great number of *dead men* among the iotas.

An accident of rather a ludicrous nature having occurred to that able and constitutional lawyer, T. Kendal Bushe, Esq. Solicitor General in Ireland, the floor of a necessary having given way under him, Mr. Curran, in a few days afterwards addressed a note to him, directed—" To the Right Honourable T. K. Bushe." Mr. Bushe, on meeting Mr. Curran, asked him why he had directed his note as above.—" Why," replied Mr. Curran, " I heard you had been made a *privy* counsellor."

PARISIAN

PARISIAN EQUESTRIANISM.

THE horse-races lately at the Champ de Mars, (see an account of them in our last Number, page 4,) has inspired the favourites of the French Amazons with a taste for riding: all are ambitious of riding by their side as knowingly as Franconi. They are all anxious to ride in the English mode; but not knowing how to seize the motion of the horse, they fatigue themselves, and make the spectators laugh, by their convulsive springs; the Bois de Bologne is their Olympic career. Some years since, foolish jockies used to shear off the ears of their horses; at present it is the mane they shave; they put shining wax on their hoofs; they will soon powder them.

It is difficult to know whether the young men are more anxious to make a parade of their *nags* or their *belles*, but they seem most pleased with their horses, from the pleasure with which they appear to caress them, and the attention they pay them.

This reminds us of a *petite-maitre*, who was very fond of horse-racing and actresses' suppers. He was asked which he idolized most, girls or horses? After a moment's pause, he answered—"I love women best, but I have most esteem for horses."

It is said that the greater part of these cavaliers ride on borrowed horses, and that all those elegant horsemen cut the air with the swiftness of an arrow, in order to ride away the debauch of the evening. The lacquey, who often belongs no more to the cavalier than the horse, follows with sad countenance, his master, in the morning, and waits impatient for the end of the course. On the whole, there are few fiery coursers; a species of English short tail, and short ears, worn out with age and famine, make up a great part of their Anglomanias. They fancy themselves good horsemen, take their stiff positions for graces, and admire their own dexterity in the midst of their courses; but whether they walk, trot, canter, or gallop, they have always an awkward appearance.

But what is most singular is, that the women and young men stop suddenly in the very midst of their course; and when the sun has hours to run, quit the exercise and pure air, for heated saloons, where they go to hear music, not with the intention of listening, but anxious to find some one to whom they may talk of their riding, which is the greatest pleasure the rider receives from it.

EQUESTRIAN TOURNAMENT
OR
DUEL ON HORSE-BACK

A SHORT time since some people were highly entertained on the Prescot road, with an equestrian tournament, or duel on horse-back, between two young gentlemen of Liverpool. Their weapons were not lances, agreeable to the ancient mode of tilting, but whips, which they exercised with admirable dexterity, till rendering cut for cut, one of them gave up the contest, seemingly perfectly content with the share of satisfaction he had received.

The above kind of duelling we recommend to all men of honour, in preference to pistoling, fencing, or boxing; and wish to establish it as a law, that all duellists and pugillists, agreeing to fight for pro-

fit or revenge, shall do it with whips, exchanging stroke for stroke alternately, till the aggrieved person acknowledge himself amply satisfied with the courage and fortitude of his adversary: and any person offending against the aforesaid law, shall, in the estimation of mankind, be deemed a lover of human blood.

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG GAMESTER.

Written by Himself.

MY father is Vicar of ———. His livings are worth between four and five hundred *per annum.*—My sister and myself are the only children my mother and he ever had. A brother of my father's had acquired a very large fortune by merchandising; he left London, came down in the country, and settled near his brother. I was a great favourite of this uncle, who was continually persuading my father to send me to town, and breed me up in a merchant's counting-house. After what I had heard my uncle say, concerning the happy lives of merchants' clerks in London, I was urgent with my father to let me go to town, and in about a month after the proposal had been made to him, I was set forward.

After I had been about a year in London, I received letters of congratulation for the good character which I had gained by my behaviour, my master having sent down the most amiable account of me imaginable. Another year passed on in this happy manner, when my master's son arrived in England; who, hearing what a favourite I was in the family, would needs shew me all the civility good breeding prompted him to: and, among other offers, which he meant as acts of kindness, he desired his father to give him leave to introduce me some evening into the company of some men of fashion with whom he was acquainted.

Soon after, I was introduced to a very elegant dressed party of young persons of my own sex, who received me with great politeness. My heart began to be dilated with pleasure at such a reception: I was transported when I looked round, to think how happy an evening I should enjoy among such a brilliant assembly, whose taste and conversation, from their knowledge of the town, and from travel, I supposed must be admirable.

The arrival of supper brought us all to order. The cloth being taken away, and bottles, glasses, and doilies placed before us, a toast-master was appointed, and the company proceeded seriously to what they called the business of the evening. It was in vain for me to object my inability to drink; my master's son swore I was a *green-horn*, and should be entered. I begged hard, and pleaded business of consequence, which I had to do next day. As I was requesting mercy, the toast-master interrupted me, with a pint goblet full of wine in his hand, and told me in consideration of my youth, and as I had thrown myself upon the mercy of the court, he would excuse me on drinking a half-pint. The company being unanimous in behalf of the president, I submitted: I was forced to do as the rest did, and swallowed several half-pint bumpers. After we had gone

gone on in this manner for some time, females were introduced, and the lady to whom I was recommended I looked upon as the finest woman I had ever seen in my life. I had, indeed, drank about fourteen bumpers before she made her appearance, and therefore, of course, thought her exquisitely beautiful. I toasted her health in a bumper, challenged all the company to drink with me, was in raptures on her promising to be my bed-fellow, swore I would pay the whole reckoning, and was looked upon to be a very high fellow, and that I should soon make a d—d jolly one. My head was so much employed on the felicity I was going to be in possession of, that I paid no attention to their praises, but was very pressing to have chairs called; and with a pleasure, as I then thought, not to be expressed, I attended my charmer to a bagnio.

In the morning I awoke with a violent pain in my head, my lips were scorched, and my throat sore. I knew not where I was; my ideas were all in confusion. I recollected something of the preceding night, and that I had a lady with me, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing me look so strange; and told me that I must not get up yet, that she had ordered coffee, that it was coming up, that we would breakfast in bed, and that another nap would quite refresh me. She spoke so unconcernedly about being with me, not expressing the least shame at being a stranger to me, that I was astonished. However, breakfast came up, and after drinking a dish or two, I went to sleep.

When I awoke again, I was quite clear in my remembrance, and all the folly of the preceding night's debauchery rushed fresh on my memory. I started up, as if wanting to run away from myself; I looked round the room, and there every thing seemed to be an emblem of disorder.

As I had promised to sup at the same tavern in a few days, my master's son reminded me of it the night before the appointment. I told him the resolution I had made; that I saw the absurdity of debauchery, that I despised it, and had determined never to be led into it again. But he soon shamed me out of my resolution; and, rather than be thought ridiculous, I made myself wretched.

We met as friendly and as polite as possible. We supped as usual, but did not seem to be in the same flow of spirits for drinking as before. Women were proposed: No—they objected to them. At last, some person mentioned throwing a main. This was approved of, and a box and dice immediately ordered. I sat by while they played for some time, and was several times urged to try my fortune.—They told me what I had to do, and what I saw others do. I ventured, took the box, and threw in five hands. This emboldened me; when it came to my turn again, I threw with spirit, and at the breaking up of the party, found myself possessed of fifty guineas by winning. We established a club for play that night, to meet twice a week.

Misers and gamesters are just the same, they are both actuated by avarice. From the time hazard playing took up my thoughts, or at least the probability of winning against that of losing, I grew indifferent to every thing else. I studied Hoyle, and Demovrie's doctrine of chances; being expert in

figures,

figures, I soon became a skilful calculator, knew all the odds, when an advantage offered, and, on the contrary, how to hedge off a bet; so that I was the most successful player in the club. Absorbed in the idea of accumulating wealth, I did not chuse to lay out sixpence on any other amusement but the hazard table. Anxiety, however, when I was there, prevented my being amused at it; it was avarice solely that possessed me. One of our party, whose name was Beetham, sent me one day a card of invitation, to drink tea that afternoon at his chambers in the Temple. I went, and found him with a couple of very agreeable ladies. He took me out, and told me that they were a couple of high girls in great keeping, who could only now and then steal out for an hour; that they visited him for a frolic; had a mind to be jolly that evening, and keep it up; and that he had sent for me to make one of the party. I thanked him for the favour, and we returned to the ladies. I had lost all wish for women, my whole desire being absorbed in a box and dice: but the wine flew about briskly, the women were in high spirits, talked lively, sung prettily, and were in person so charming, that I became really enamoured of one of them, and we agreed to make an excursion together for three or four days. Things of this sort are not more eagerly proposed than embraced: post-chaises were hired, and we all four set out for Windsor. This excursion lost my lady her keeper. That loss, however, sat very lightly upon her; she snapt her fingers when she received the letter, called him scrub, and swore she would live with me upon bread and water.

I now began to dislike my master's; was seldom at home; had letters out of the country filled with remonstrances, all of which, however, I never condescended to answer.

Had our meetings at hazard continued, I don't in the least doubt but that I should have made my fortune; for there were among the members of the club, some very rich young men, and who had a very strong itch for play; but an unfortunate quarrel dissolved it.—A dispute arose between my master's son and one of the company, about a bet. Words grew very high, and, unknown to the rest of the members, after the quarrel was seemingly made up, these two adjourned to a tavern, when about four o'clock, my friend was brought home to his father's speechless, shot through the body, and expired in half an hour afterwards. The agony of the family is not to be described. My master ordered me to be told, so soon as I came home, that as he had lost his only son by a quarrel at a gaming table, and at which he was assured I was a principal, and that I also kept a common woman, he did not think it consistent either with his reputation or interest, to entertain me any longer in his house. I did not think it worth while to reply to this message, but immediately ordered a coach, packed up my things, and drove to my girl's lodgings.

I now associated with professed gamblers. I soon knew as much as they did. They dressed well, lived gay, and kept the best company; so did I. Every thing went on glibly; I could play with the most noted gamesters.

To be continued.

THE

THE

LONG TAILED SHARK, OR THRESHER.

Squalus Vulpes of Linnæus.

IN the evening of the 16th of June, 1805, the mackrel-fishers near Christchurch were surprised on hawling one of their nets, to find in it an animal so large and powerful, that, till it was completely landed, they could not believe it to be any other than a porpoise. It however proved to be a long-tailed shark, which measured in extreme length eleven feet and a half, and in its greatest girth, which was just before the dorsal fin, three feet and a half. It weighed very nearly two hundred pounds.

The muzzle was short, and somewhat pointed; and the mouth, which was by no means large, was situated quite under the head. The teeth were so small, that the largest of the whole scarcely exceeded a quarter of an inch in length. They were triangular, and ranged in three rows in front of the upper, and in four rows in front of the lower jaw. At the sides of the mouth, both above and below, there were only two rows. The lower teeth were much sharper than the others, and their points had an inclination towards the throat. The tongue was remarkably hard. The nostrils were somewhat in the shape of an Italic *S*: they were about half an inch asunder, situated in front of the mouth, and about two inches from the eyes. The eyes were within four inches of the extremity of the muzzle. On each side of the body, and situated near the base of the pectoral fins, were the five branchiæ or breathing apertures. The fins were hard, cartilaginous, and smooth. The first dorsal fin was nearly equi-distant betwixt the nose and the origin of the tail. It was an amazingly firm and strong fin, of a triangular shape, and nearly equilateral: it stood perfectly upright, and could not be closed upon the back like the dorsal fins of most other fish. The second dorsal fin was situated near the origin of the tail: it was very small, and sharp-pointed, but not spinous. The anal fin was situated immediately under this, and was about the same size. The ventral fins were almost united at their base, and they extended backward in a direction parallel to each other. The tail was extremely remarkable: its upper lobe had much the shape of a sabre, and was six or seven times the length of the lower lobe. The former, in the individual that I am describing, was not more than two inches in depth, and one-third of an inch at the extremity. Its lower edge was thin, and every part of it had a surprising degree of strength, firmness, and elasticity. To the touch it was nearly as hard as the stoutest leather, but it was much more elastic. The skin of the body was very smooth when the hand was passed along it in a direction from the head to the tail; but when it was rubbed the contrary way, a slight degree of roughness was to be felt. The lateral line was straight, and extended from the head to within a little distance of the end of the tail.

All the upper parts of the body were of a cinereous blue colour, which, when the animal was first taken out of the water, had some resemblance to the bloom on a fresh gathered plumb. The under parts were white, but spotted here and there with patches of ash-colour.

On pressing the body with the

fingers,

fingers, the flesh felt soft and elastic, almost as if there had been blubber immediately beneath the skin.

The above animal was one of three which had followed the same shoal of mackrel. It had been entangled in one of the mackrel nets a few evenings before it was caught, but it broke its way through and escaped.

When this creature was a second time entangled, it did not struggle much till the net grounded; but it then beat about the water and sand in the most violent manner imaginable. As soon as the men were able to approach near enough, they stunned it by beating it about the head with pieces of wood; but in spite of all their efforts, I saw it alive the next morning, and the marks of their blows were not then visible.

There has not, in the memory of man, been seen on this coast any shark of the present species so large as this.

Some years ago a few individuals were caught, but none of them were bigger than a tolerable-sized salmon. They generally follow the shoals of mackrel and herrings, on which they chiefly feed, and among which they sometimes commit such havoc, as entirely to drive them away from the shores they had approached. The fishermen consequently hold them in great detestation.

The mouth and the teeth of the long-tailed shark are so small, that I know not how to credit the general notion that it will frequently attack, overcome, and devour, that strong and active animal the grampus. Several seamen, however, at different times, have asserted to me that they have seen the two animals engaged in combat. If this is fact, there can be little doubt that the grampus has been the offender, and that the shark has merely acted on the defensive. It has certainly sufficient power to defend itself against the onset of the grampus, since a stroke of its tail must be very violent, and this is the weapon it always employs against its foes. I have heard sailors declare, that a blow from this weapon may sometimes be heard in a still and calm night to the distance of nearly a league.

It has been generally said that the long-tailed shark is very unpleasant to approach on account of the fetid odour which issues from its body. In the individual above-mentioned there was not, however, any unpleasant smell whatever. Even when the body was opened the smell was not more offensive than what might be supposed to issue from the opening of any large animal. The flesh was firm and white, and, as I was informed, by no means bad eating.

The heart was triangular, and small. The liver consisted of two unequal lobes, of which the longest was about two feet and a half in length: it appeared to contain a very considerable quantity of oil. The œsophagus was wide, and the stomach small, but peculiarly muscular. On the interior coat of the stomach there were numerous small and whitish globules. The intestines were short. The gall bladder was large, and situated at the division of the lobes of the liver. The diaphragm was triangular, and the kidnies were blackish. The five branchiæ on each side the body were long, and attached to seven strong cartilages, which were very visible through the skin.

The following were the exact dimensions of this animal.

From

	ft.	inch.
From the extremity of the muzzle to the end of the tail	11	6
Greatest girth, which was in front of the first dorsal fin	3	6
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the first dorsal fin	2	6
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the second dorsal fin	4	8
From the extremity of the muzzle to the upper part of the origin of the tail	5	9
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the pectoral fins	1	5
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the ventral fins	3	7
From the extremity of the muzzle to the origin of the tail, beneath	5	6
Length of the base of the first dorsal fin	0	9
Height of this fin	1	0
Length of the pectoral fins	1	7
Length of the ventral fins	0	8
Girth of the body near the tail	1	3½
Length of the tail	5	10
From the point of the lower lobe perpendicularly to the upper part of the tail	1	2

WM. BINGLEY.

Christchurch, Hants, 1806.

HOW TO LEAP FROM A CARRIAGE.

As so many accidents continually happen from the destructive expedient of leaping from the side of an open carriage while the horses are running away with it, Mr. Conant, in a letter dated Great Marlborough, September 17, attempts to determine how far it may be safe, in such cases, to leap from the back of the vehicle:—

"In the following calculation, setting aside the resistance of the air, I suppose a young man, for it is a young practice to put an unruly horse to a carriage, able to spring two feet perpendicularly against the force of gravity; but in falling one second, he, in common with all bodies, would acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second, and have fallen through a space of sixteen feet: and the spaces described being as the squares of the velocities, a man, in falling two feet, acquires a velocity of eleven feet per second, and this equals the velocity with which he first springs from the ground.

"Suppose the carriage is moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and a man springs from the back of it at an angle of about 40° from the horizon, with a force as above, equal to about eleven feet per second; this force, estimated horizontally, will be about nine feet per second; and the effort of the air, so far from resisting, will be in favour of the horizontal projection: this nine feet per second, or six miles per hour, deducted from the twelve miles, leaves six miles per hour for the actual horizontal velocity of the man after his leap, which the force of the air will somewhat lessen; and this, with the accelerating force of gravity, will carry him downward in the projectile curve; and whatever may be the height of the vehicle, he will come to the ground with nearly the same force as if he had leaped from it while he was standing still, only that he will fall in an opposite direction, and must take care to

throw himself in such a position, that he does not fall backwards when he touches the ground.

"From the result of this calculation, a person run away with in an open carriage, may judge how far this mode of escaping will be preferable as to safety. For instance, if a gig be hung so low as to be an easy leap when standing still, he will probably receive little injury by leaping out of it when it is going at the rate of fifteen, or perhaps even sixteen miles an hour, but not more. If he venture to jump out at the side, the violence with which he would fall to the ground, would be almost double, although the height might not be so great."

THE TRIAL OF JOHN O'DONNELL, SAM. CARTER, AND JOHN GORE.

At the Old Bailey Sessions.

From the Sessions Paper.

THE above-named persons were indicted for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling house of Jonathan Kendall, about the hour of nine at night, on the 29th of August, with intent to steal; and burglariously stealing therein, a bank note, value £20; a bank note, value £10; ten bank notes, value £2 each; and ten other bank notes, value £1 each; the property of the said Jonathan Kendall.

Second count.—For the like offence; only stating the house to be the dwelling house of Walter Shepherd.

The case was stated by Mr. Gleed.

Martha Woodfaine sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—You live, I believe, with Mr. Jonathan Kendall. A. Yes, he keeps the Worcester coffee house tap.

Q. In what parish is it?—A. St. James's, I believe.

Q. What part of this house does Mr. Kendall inhabit?—A. The cellar: Mr. Walter Shepherd inhabits the upper part of the house.

Q. Is there any communication between that part which Mr. Kendall inhabits, and that part which Mr. Shepherd inhabits?—A. None that I know of.

Q. In order to get into that part which Mr. Kendall inhabits, you go down some steps, which bring you into the lower part.—A. Yes.

Q. When you first come down the steps, what room do you come into?—A. The tap room.

Q. On the left-hand side of the tap room there is a little parlour, which you call the bar?—A. Yes.

Q. Where do you go to on the right?—A. Into a small parlour; there is a door-way which separates the passage from the parlour.

Q. When you are in the parlour, there is a door leading into the bed room?—A. Yes; and the parlour is separated from the bed room by a wainscot.

Q. Is there any door in the wainscot, which separates the one from the other?—A. There is a door leading from the parlour into the bed room.

Q. Has that door got a lock?—A. Yes.

Q. In the bed room, is there a bureau?—A. Yes.

Q. What use does the prosecutor make of that bureau?—A. He puts papers, receipts, and money in it.

Q. You, I believe, have access to that bureau?—A. Yes.

Q. You manage Mr. Kendall's business for him?—Yes.

Q. You

Q. You live with him in point of fact?—A. Yes, I am his housekeeper.

Q. On the 29th of August last, had you occasion to go to that bureau?—A. Yes, about six o'clock in the morning, to the best of my recollection, I went there, I saw the notes; I did not count them over.

Court.—Were there any particular notes?—A. I cannot say to the number; there was a twenty-pound note, a ten-pound note, and a five-pound note, and some one's and two's.

Mr. Gleed.—Do you know the persons of the prisoners at the bar?—A. I know John Gore and John O'Donnell.

Q. Did you see O'Donnell and Gore there on the 29th of August?—A. Yes, Gore I had seen two or three times in the day.

Q. At what time of the day had you seen Gore first?—A. To the best of my recollection, he was there about ten o'clock in the morning; he came again in the afternoon, but I cannot tell what time. Cuddiford was with him in the morning and in the afternoon. In the evening, I saw Gore and O'Donnell there, about nine o'clock; when O'Donnell came down, Gore was there.

Q. What part of the room did they sit in?—A. Sometimes they sat in the parlour, and sometimes in the tap room; they were drinking together.

Q. Was Cuddiford there?—A. He was drinking with them.

Q. Where were they drinking together?—A. In the tap room.

Q. Which of the three; or all of them, of these names you have mentioned, were in the parlour; was O'Donnell in the parlour?—A. He did go in; he came out directly; Gore went into the parlour; and Cuddiford was in and out of the parlour.

Court.—And Gore the same?—A. Yes.

Mr. Gleed.—Did you or did you not see the other prisoner, Carter, there?—A. No, I did not; I did not know him; he might be there for any thing I know.

Q. You in point of fact did not see him there?—A. No.

Q. Was there any thing particular in the conduct of O'Donnel; if there was, describe it?—A. When he came down stairs, he came singing, laughing, and dancing.

Q. Where was Gore at this time?—A. Gore was sitting there, to the best of my recollection; he was sitting on a chair by the door-way.

Q. You have told us there was a door that led from the parlour into the bed room?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you fasten that door; and at what time?—A. I fastened it when Mr. Kendall went to lie down, about four o'clock, to rest himself. about six o'clock in the afternoon, I locked the door again myself; I am sure I left it fastened; I put my hand against it and tried it; I hung the key up in the bar.

Q. What time did you retire to rest that night?—A. About ten minutes after eleven. I took the key out of the bar, and went to unlock the bed room door, as there was no latch to the door. I found the door open.

Q. It was in a different state to what you had left it, at a quarter after six o'clock?—A. Yes; I went to the bureau, I found it had been forced open.

One of the Jury.—When you first looked at the lock of the bureau, was it sticking up?—A. The bolt was shut, as if it was locked.

Mr. Gleed.—How was the shot of the lock?—A. It was completely up. I opened the little drawers where the notes were; I found they were gone.

Q. Who

Q. Who is Cuddiford?——A. I had seen him frequently at the house, ever since Mr. Kendall has been there.

Q. Was Cuddiford a person that Mr. Kendall ever employed?—A. No.

Q. Then you cannot, of your own knowledge, tell me how Cuddiford was employed in the day?—A No.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp. Q. I understand you to say, that the last time you saw the notes was at six o'clock in the morning; that was quite day light?—A. Yes.

Q. O'Donnell was not in the house till the evening of that day? —A. No.

Q. Cuddiford was there the greatest part of the day, frequently going backwards and forwards from the tap to the parlour?—A. Yes; he had been used to the house for a great length of time before we came there.

Q. So that he knew every room in the house, and every place there? —A. I do not know that.

Q. I mean as far as from the parlour to the tap room and the bed room?—A. Yes.

Q. He knew the house better than these persons that were dancing and drinking there?——A. It was the first time I saw O'Donnell there myself.

Q. And this honest Mr. Cuddiford, that had known the house a great while, he was there a great while in the day time, and O'Donnell was not there till the evening? —A. No.

Q. You never saw your notes after six o'clock in the morning; Cuddiford was there a great many times in the course of the day; and he was in the bar?—A. I did not see him in the bar.

Q. He had an opportunity of doing it if he had seen fit?—A. Yes.

Q. O'Donnell came in the evening; might not the notes have been lost in the morning, while Mr. Cuddiford was going backwards and forwards, as well as in the evening? —A. I cannot say.

Q. Therefore, for any thing you know, they might have been lost in the morning, when any body was going backwards and forwards, as well as in the evening.—A. Yes.

Q. Therefore, O'Donnell not being there till the evening, the notes might be taken away in the morning by any body disposed so to do, for any thing you know.—A. Yes; but I cannot say.

Q. Mr. Cuddiford, you say, you do not know a great deal of?—A. No.

Q. Do you know any good of him; I am speaking in plain English; do not you know, of your own knowledge, that he is as big a thief as there is in London at this time? A. I cannot say that; his character is quite a stranger to me.

Mr. Gurney.—How long have you lived there?—A. about three months, to the best of my recollection.

Q. How many rooms are there? —A. A tap room, bar, small parlour, and a bed room.

Mr. Knapp.—Only one bed room? —A. No.

Q. Gore is the son of a respectable baker?—A. I am told so.

Q. You said, that before this robbery took place, he frequented your house for refreshment, as workmen do who frequent your house, as he lived with his father, as you knew before?—A. Yes.

Q. You described some extraordinary singing and dancing in your cellar; did that never happen before?—A. No.

Q. A drunken man dancing and singing! that never happened since you have been under the Worcester coffee

coffee house; have not you always been of the opinion that O'Donnell was very noisy; have not you always said so?—A. No; I saw him come down the stairs singing, dancing, and smiling.

Q. He made no noise after he came down stairs?—A. No.

Mr. Gleed.—Who kept the key of the bureau?—A. I kept it in my pocket, it was in my possession the whole of the time till I went to bed that night.

Q. You had not parted with it? A. No.

Q. Who did you see in the tap-room with Gore on other days; who has been his companion?—A. I did not know that he had any companion in particular.

Q. Have you seen him in the tap room with Cuddiford, drinking together?—A. Yes, and I have seen him drinking with any other person that was there.

Jonathan Kendall sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—You occupy the lower part of the Worcester coffee house in Oxford Road? —A. Yes.

Q. Do you know the persons of the three prisoners at the bar?—A. I do.

Q. Have you seen either of them, and which, on the 29th of August last?—A. They were all three there between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, to the best of my knowledge.

Q. Had you been to your bureau in the course of the day.—A. I had not.

Q. There is no communication between that part of the house you occupy and the part above?—A. No, only down stairs.

Q. Is there any way from that part which you occupy into the coffee room, without going into the street?—A. None.

Court.—There is no communication between the tap room and the coffee house, but by going into the street?—A. No.

Mr. Gleed.—Therefore you can tell me at what time the door was fastened that leads from the parlour into your bed room.—A. At six o'clock at night.

Q. Did you see it fastened?—A. I did, by Mary Woodfaine, my housekeeper.

Q. As you were in your bed room, did you observe your bed room before you left your bed room? —A. I did not take notice of it.

Q. When had you last taken notice of the bureau?—A. Not since the morning about eight o'clock.

Q. You know Cuddiford very well, how does he get his livelihood?—A. By attending coaches when they come to the warehouse, as a porter.

Q. Did he us'd to wait about there?—A. Yes, he did, he was not employed by any particular person.

Thomas Cuddiford sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—Q. Where do you live?—A. No. 4, King-street.

Q. How long have you known the prisoner Gore?—A. I have known him these two years or more.

Q. What is Gore?—A. He lives with his father; his father is a baker in Bond-street.

Q. On the 29th of August last did you see him?—A. I did, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

Q. Where did you see him on the day before, on the 28th?—A. I met him at the top of the cellar, he was going for some yeast for his father.

Q. Tell me, did any thing pass between Gore and you; and what? A. He asked me if I would go along

along with him, I told him I would. As we were walking along, I told him that there was some money I thought we might get at; he asked me if I thought so; I told him I did.

Q. Did you give him any reason why you thought so?—A. The people that lived there before Kendall, I had seen them pass in and out to get change there.

Q. Did you tell Gore that?—A. No, he said if I thought so we would try; he thought it would be a good thing for us if we could get it. He asked me if he should see me or meet me the next morning, which day was the 29th of August; he came in the morning, he asked me if I thought any thing more of what we were speaking of yesterday, I told him yes, I thought there was money in the bureau which stood in the bed room, and the key hung up in the bar; he went away and said he would soon come back; he came back about noon, and asked for something to drink at the cellar.

Q. Were you down in the cellar when he came down.—A. I was; he had something to drink, we had some gin and bitters, and so had Kendall and his wife, (she went by the name of Mrs. Kendall.) Soon after that, he asked me for the key of the bed room; I unhooked it, and gave it him.

Q. Where was the key hanging at that time.—A. Inside of the bar; he took the key, he went towards the door, and he brought me back the key again, I hung up the key where I took it from; he was absent with the key about half a minute. After he gave me the key, and I hung it up, he said the door was open, and he said he thought he could do it; he went in, and tried to open the bureau; I heard him say that he had broke the top of the scissars in the lock, and that he could not open it.—He brought out a cloak, or a black silk handkerchief, I did not know which.

Q. What was done with that? A. I do not know.

Q. Was it left with you?—A. No, it was never in my hands.

Q. Did any thing further pass between you and Gore at that time?—A. Nothing.

Q. When did you see Gore again. He came down to me at the top of the stairs in the evening, and said that he would go and look for John O'Donnell, I think it was between seven and eight o'clock then; he went away, and I went into Tottenham-court Road with a trunk: when I came back, I went down into the cellar, to get something to eat.

Q. When you were down first in the cellar, at what time did you first see Gore.—A. I think it must be nine, or between nine and ten; he came down just before the other men.

Q. Did you at that time know the persons of the other men.—A. A very slight acquaintance; I never saw but one of them before in my life.

Q. After Gore came, how soon did you see the other prisoners.—A. They came down directly.

Q. That is Carter and O'Donnell.—A. Yes: Sam Carter came down very quick; he went towards the bed room, and John O'Donnel began to jump about the place, and kick up a noise; he sang a song, and broke a pipe; I joined with him, and many more at that time.

Q. Was Carter in the tap room. A. No, he was in the bed room; I believe Gore was in the doorway, between the tap room and the bed room.

Q. How

Q. How long might this continue?—A. It might be ten minutes or more.

Q. Gore, you said, stood in the door-way between the tap room and the bed room. How long was he gone.—A. He was gone for more than ten minutes.

Q. How long was Carter gone? A. It might be a quarter of an hour.

Q. You did not see Carter for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour?—A. No.

Q. Where was Mr. Kendall and Mrs. Woodfaine.—A. I cannot say where Mrs. Woodfaine was, Mr. Kendall was sitting by the side of me on a box in the tap room: Sam Carter came into the room, passed very quick through, and ran up stairs, John O'Donnell ran after him, and John Gore ran after him.

Q. What became of you?—A. I was sitting where I was.

Q. How long did you continue sitting where you was?—A. It might be eight or ten minutes; after the eight or ten minutes, John Gore came down stairs, and beckoned me to come up stairs. I went up stairs to him; he told me to come along; I did. Walking down King-street, he told me that they had forty pounds; we were to meet them here, that was the word spoken; we went on, and met them in Carnaby-street, or thereabouts.

Q. Who did you meet in Carnaby-street?—A. Sam Carter and John O'Donnell. When Gore and I met them there, I heard John O'Donnell say that he would go and try to change the twenty pound note; he went away by himself, he was gone for some minutes, he came back, and said he could not change it; we went from there, and called at a public house going along, there we had a pot of porter, some we drank and some we left; after that we went to St. Martin's-street, to a public house there, the sign of the Horse and Dolphin; we all four together went into a room there called the parlour.

Q. Did you have any thing there?—A. Yes, three bottles of wine.

Q. Do you recollect who brought you the wine.—A. I cannot positively say, but I believe it was the landlord; we went from that room to the tap room, and called there for a pot of porter, where they put me down seven guineas, in way of share.

Q. Who put you down the seven guineas?—A. I cannot say whether it was Sam Carter or John O'Donnell. I put it into my pocket.

Q. Before you got the seven guineas, do you know how they were supplied with it?—A. They changed a ten-pound note, and a two-pound note. I believe the landlord brought the change.

Q. Do you know what the landlord brought by way of change?—A. I believe part of it was gold, but I cannot say it was all gold. I believe Sam Carter gave the ten-pound note to John O'Donnell, and John O'Donnell gave it to the landlord.

Q. Who gave the two-pound note.—A. That I do not know.

Q. Did you see more than one note pass:—A. Yes; of what value the other was I do not know.

Q. What time of the night was this?—A. I think it must be between ten and eleven o'clock.— After they gave me the seven guineas, I saw them put down to John Gore seven pound more to him in notes.

Q. Who put that down?—A. It was either Sam Cartor or O'Donnell.

tell. I got up, and went out and in at the door twice after that; and the next time I got up, I went away and left them all three there; that is all I saw that evening.

Q. On the next day were you at the cellar?—A. I was, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. I have more to tell. John Gore came to me in the morning of the next day, and asked me if I had been yonder; I was at the Green Man in Bond-street; he asked me if I had been in the cellar, I told him no, I had not; he said he thought it very odd, as I used to go there generally every morning; I told him, I was so very ill, that I did not know I could be any where at all; he said, you mean to be there in the evening, do not you; I told him I would call in the evening if I could, I thought I should call.

Q. Did you call?—A. I did.—When I went down, I saw John Gore; he was in the tap room, and I went into the parlour; I called for four-penny worth of brandy and water: there was a great many people there, but I did not know any other than John Gore. Instead of their bringing me the brandy and water, they brought me four-penny worth of gin and water; after that I saw Gore brought back by the Marlborough-street officers; Foy, and others of the officers, said they wanted Toney and myself. I heard John Gore say, I suppose you want me too. When they were taking us from there, as I was going out of the tap room, I saw Gore's brother, I slid the seven guineas into his hand.

Q. Did Gore's brother take them?—A. Yes, and we were all taken to the public house, the corner of Marlborough-street.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.

Q. When you were brought before the magistrate you were not set at liberty, I hope?—A. I was not.

Q. You told me that when Sam Carter went into the inner room, Mr. Kendall was sitting close by the side of you?—A. Yes.

Q. Then he must see Carter go into the room?—A. He was sitting at the other end of the room, when he went towards the bed room,

Q. Kendall must see him go towards the room, must he not; he had not lost the use of his eyes?—A. No, I cannot say whether he saw or no.

Q. However, he had an opportunity of doing it. You said they were gone above ten minutes, Kendall sitting by you all the time?—A. Yes.

Q. Seven guineas out of forty pounds was a poor share to you, was it not?—A. It is the first thing of the sort that ever happened to me.

Q. It is not the first time I put this question to you; you know seven guineas is not a share of forty pounds?—A. That is all I had.

Q. It is not a share of forty pounds; you know it to be improper.—A. That was what was given me.

Q. You ought to have had ten pounds.—A. That is all I had.

Q. And that you slipped into Gore's brother's hand afterwards. Before you was taken into custody, you did not tell this story to Mr. Kendall or any body else.—A. I told the officer.

Q. After you was taken up.—A. Yes.

Q. You thought then, man, you were likely to be hanged yourself, did you not; you thought you were in danger yourself?—A. I never did any such a thing before.

Q. Was

Q. Was not that the reason that induced you to tell the story?—A. I told the story voluntarily.

Q. Then you had no fear or any alarm about yourself being tried for this offence? Do you not hear me?—A. Yes.

Q. Am I to understand that you had no fear or alarm upon your mind of being tried for it?——A. No.

Q. Then, you think a man that had been committing an offence of this sort, and having been taken up for it, would not be likely to be tried for it? Upon your oath, did you say a word about it, but what you have said here to day, but to save yourself from being tried, and to save your own life?—A. No.

Court.—What, then, induced you to make this discovery?—A. I made a discovery, as far as this, for the good of my country.

John Whistler sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—You keep the Horse and Dolphin, in St. Martin's-street?—A. I do.

Q. Do you know the persons of the prisoners at the bar?—A. I do, I know one.

Q. Which is the one that you know?—A. O'Donnell, I have seen him about four times.

Q. On the 29th of August last was O'Donnell at your house?—A. He was.

Q. Who was with him?—A. There were three others; I never saw them before.

Q. Have you seen them since at Marlborough-street?—A. I have.

Q. Are those the persons that you saw at Marlborough-street with Cuddiford; are they the persons that were at your house in St. Martin's-street?—A. Yes, I believe they are.

Q. You saw them the next day at the office?—A. Yes, the next day but one.

Q. Had you any doubt, when you saw them on the Monday, of their being the persons that were at your house on the Saturday evening?—A. I had none.

Q. What time in the evening did they come there?—A. It was after ten o'clock.

Q. What had they?—A. They had three bottles of wine.

Q. After ten o'clock at night, did you serve them with three bottles of wine?—A. They had two in the first instance; then they had another bottle in another room mixed with negus.

Q. Which of the three prisoners partook of the last two bottles that were made into negus?—A. I believe they were all together.

Q. Did either of the prisoners make application to you to do any thing?—A. O'Donnell applied to me for change of a ten-pound note; I gave him change for it, deducting for the two bottles of wine.

Q. Did you change any other notes?—A. I did; a two and a one. I do not know who that was to; it was for the negus; they were in company together; it was for one of them. I gave them nine guineas and two shillings in change for the ten-pound note, deducting for two bottles of wine. I do not recollect what I gave them in change for the two and the one.

Q. In what part of the house were they sitting?—A. In the common coffee room.

Q. Did you go in and out?—A. Yes, frequently; I had twenty people in the house at the time.

Q. You say you delivered them in change nine guineas and two shillings; did you observe what was done with them?——A. No more than

than I put them down to O'Donnell; O'Donnell counted it, and it was right.

Q. Did you see any other notes in the possession of the prisoner?—A. I did not.

Q. Did you observe what was done with the money; did you see any money pass from one to another?—A. I did not.

Q. What was done with the money that was laid on the table?—A. O'Donnell took it up.

Q. Did you see any thing further pass between the prisoners at that time?—A. I did not.

Q. Did you see O'Donnell the next day?—A. I did; he came and had a lamb chop. He asked me if it was convenient to me to give him change for a twenty-pound note. I told him it was not; he never offered it.

Q. Was it convenient for you so to do?—A. No. That is all that I saw.

James Bridgell sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—I attended with the officers, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Foy, and Mr. Petherick.

Q. In consequence of some information that you received, you went to the house of Mr. Kendall?——A. Yes, I went about nine o'clock in the evening; I think it was the 29th of August or the 30th, I cannot be positive, it was on Saturday evening; when we got to the corner of Oxford-street in Swallow street, Gore was then going to cross the road, Mr. Lovett went immediately up to him and laid hold of him, and told him that there was a warrant out against him; we then went down into the cellar, Mr. Kendall's tap, taking him with us; we found Cuddiford there, we apprehended him; Mr. Petherick had him in custody, and Gore's brother was walking by the side of him: I saw Cuddiford put his hand into his pocket, and give John Gore's brother some guineas.

Q. That you saw done?—A. I did; it was done as we were going up the steps with Petherick; he put his hand out, and held out some guineas to him; Gore's brother held out his hand; he gave him the guineas into his hand; Gore's brother put them into his right hand coat pocket.

Q. Did you know John Gore, that was in custody, and his brother?—A. Yes; I knew them both. I said to Gore's brother, Thomas, you had better come down to the Marlborough Head, and see what becomes of your brother. He followed us down to the Marlborough Head, and we went into the parlour. I came out of the parlour, leaving the officers in care of the prisoners; I wrote a note.

Q. Did you take the money from Gore's brother?—A. Yes, at the Marlborough Head. We took seven guineas from his right hand coat pocket.

Cross examined by Mr. Knapp. At this time I understand you are speaking of, Gore and Cuddiford were apprehended; you had not apprehended O'Donnell and Carter?—A. No.

Q. And the only information that you had of them was through the information of what Cuddiford said.—A. Yes.

Q. Therefore it depends upon what Cuddiford told you. Now, what are you?—A. By profession I am a tailor.

Q. You are bringing up to be an officer?—A. I suppose so.

Q. I suppose you have learned there are three forty-pound rewards in case these people are convicted?—A. Certainly so.

Q. That

Q. That is the first thing you learn?—A. No.

Q. Had you a warrant on purpose to apprehend them?—A. No, their names were not upon the warrant.

Richard Lovett sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—In consequence of some information that you received, did you go to apprehend the prisoners?—A. I did, I apprehended Gore and Cuddiford.

Q. In consequence of some information that you received from Bridgell, did you search the brother of Gore?—A. I did, I found upon him seven guineas in his right hand coat pocket.

Court.—Where did you search him?—A. At the public house close to the office; the office was shut up; I produce the seven guineas. About two o'clock on Sunday morning I apprehended O'Donnell in Spur-street, Leicester Fields.

Mr. Gurney.——You searched Gore, you found nothing upon him?—A. Nothing upon him.

John Foy sworn, examined by Mr. Gleed.—You are an officer?—A. Yes, I apprehended O'Donnell at a public house in Spur-street, Leicester Fields, on Sunday morning at two o'clock; I found on him seven pounds in notes, this watch, two guineas in gold, and twenty shillings in silver.

Q. How many notes?—A. Five; two's and one's.

O'Donnell's defence.—I am innocent of it; the ten-pound note that I changed at Mr. Whistler's was my own; and as for the seven guineas that Gore had was my own.

Carter's defence.—I have nothing to say about it.

Gore's defence.—I know nothing about it.

Gore called eleven witnesses, who gave him a good character.

JOHN O'DONNELL, Guilty—Death, aged 22.

SAMUEL CARTER, Guilty—Death, aged 24.

JOHN GORE, Guilty—Death, aged 24.

The prisoners were recommended to mercy by the Jury, on account of their being led into into it by their accomplice.

ANECDOTES
OF
WESTMINSTER ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last number you presented your readers with some curious sporting anecdotes of the late Charles Fox, extracted from Walpole's Life of that statesman. Such was the pleasure I received from them, that I immediately puschased the work, and have had no reason to regret the application of my money, or of the time employed in the perusal of it. The numerous anecdotes concerning Mr. Fox's hard fought contests for the representation of Westminster, proved particularly interesting to me just at this time, when the whole kingdom is in a kind of agitation in consequence of the present general election. I amused myself with transcribing some of them, and have no doubt that their insertion in your publication would afford considerable pleasure to many of your readers, as they have already done to

Your's, &c.

SELECTOR.

London, Nov. 15, 1806.

"The active part taken by Mr. Fox," says this author, "at the meetings of the electors of Westminster acquired him great popularity, and he received the most flattering assurances of support if he chose to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of that city. Encouraged by these promises, Mr. Fox suffered himself to be proposed at the general election in 1780. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition he experienced from the Newcastle family, the *Man of the People*, as he began about this time to be styled, secured his election.

Such was the animosity which prevailed on this occasion, that a few days afterwards it was currently reported that Mr. Fox had been killed in a duel by Lord Lincoln, the rival candidate. An immense concourse of people immediately assembled round Mr. Fox's house to inquire the truth. A wag passing by at the time advised them not to make themselves uneasy, "for," says he, "you may depend upon it there is no truth in it, otherwise the Tower guns would certainly have been fired on the occasion." This observation struck many of them so forcibly, that they immediately departed perfectly satisfied.

A scrutiny was expected to have taken place, but when all the necessary forms had been gone through previous to commencing it, Lord Lincoln declined giving any farther trouble, as his friends had discovered that a legal majority of the electors were in favour of Sir G. Rodney and Mr. Fox.

At the general election, in 1784, a most extraordinary contest took place for Westminster. The candidates for the representation of this city, besides Mr. Fox, were Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who, though formerly his colleague, was now supported by a formidable party, disgusted by the late coalition. The poll commenced on the first of April, and for some days Mr. Fox maintained the superiority; but on the eighth, ninth, and tenth, the tide of popular favour began to turn, and on the twelfth, the baronet, who was second in point of numbers, had a majority of three hundred and eighteen over his former friend. Ten thousand electors had now polled, and the contest had continued a fortnight. It was even supposed, judging from the example of former times, that as the votes were exhausted, the books must have been closed.

It is not improbable that Mr. Fox would have been defeated in this memorable contest, had it not been for the irresistible exertions of his female auxiliaries. Several of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age, were zealously engaged in canvassing in his behalf, and with such success as to turn the popular tide in his favour. It was observed, that if Mr. Fox was no longer the man of the *people*, it could not be denied, from the number of females who attended to give him their support, that he was at least the man for the *ladies*. In their rage for Mr. Fox they even adopted a dress in compliment to him composed of garter-blue and buff.

Not the least serviceable of these lovely supporters, was the late Duchess of Devonshire, then in the zenith of her beauty*. It was said of her, and her no less amiable sister,

* The impression which the beauty of this accomplished female was calculated to make on every one who beheld her, cannot be more forcibly illustrated than by the following fact; When the Duchess made her first

ter, Lady Duncannon, now Countess of Besborough, while they were soliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, that they were the most lovely *portraits* that ever appeared upon a *canvas*.

The following lines were written on the former of these ladies, who in her zeal to gain her favourite point, permitted a butcher to kiss her:

Condemn not, prudes, fair Devon's plan
 In giving *Steel* a kiss;
In such a cause, for such a man
 She could not do amiss.

The following epigram was likewise composed on the same occasion:

Array'd in matchless beauty Devon's fair
 In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But oh! where'er the pilferer comes beware,
 She supplicates a vote and steals a heart.

It is said, that even the highest personages in the kingdom did not disdain to take a part in this election.

When his Majesty first heard that the Prince of Wales interested himself for the success of Mr. Fox, he deputed one of the lords of the bed-chamber to wait upon his Royal Highness, and remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his behaviour. "His Majesty," said the lordly messenger, "is surprised that the heir apparent should take an active part on the subject of an election."—"Be so good as to present my humble duty to the king," replied the Prince, and say, "it does not appear half so strange that the heir to majesty, as that majesty itself should take an active part on such an occasion. I never employed Weltjie till his Majesty had first employed the Earl of Sandwich; and if there was any difference between us, it was only that I had employed the more respectable messenger."

A very zealous partizan of Mr. Fox's during this election, was the well-known Sam House. He did not long survive it, but carried his passion with him till his death. On the last day of his life he expressed to his physician, Sir John Elliott, his earnest desire to see Mr. Fox, adding, that he should then die contented. Sir John communicated the anxiety of his patient to Mr. Fox, who instantly waited upon him, and sat by his bed-side for some time. From that moment the poor man declared himself to be perfectly resigned, and died in a few hours without a pang.

The unexampled violence of party spirit which prevailed during this election, produced frequent disputes between the adherents of the rival candidates. On the 1st of May, there were the whole day strong indications of a disposition to riot. On the hustings much low abuse passed on either side; and on the close of the poll several of Mr. Fox's friends, and particularly Colonel Fitzpatrick, were treated with very unbecoming indignity. In the evening the butchers were in Covent-garden with their marrow-bones and cleavers, conducting Mr. Fox's friends to their carriages. As they came opposite Wood's Hotel, they were stopped, and were told that they must

appearance at Derby races, after her marriage, an honest rustic, on her grace being pointed out to him, exclaimed in rapturous astonishment, "that were he God Almighty, he would make her Queen of Heaven."

must not sound their execrable music there. To this they replied with a general shout of "Fox for ever!" and a battle instantly commenced. For a time apprehensions of fatal consequences were entertained; for Sir Cecil Wray's party retreating into Wood's, they were pursued by the other, who pressed into the house, and committed many acts of outrage and disturbance. Several of the officers drew their swords, and a blunderbuss was fired to intimidate them: this, however, had but little effect; and it was only by the approach of a party of the guards that an end was put to the contest, fortunately without the loss of any lives.—Towards the close of the poll one of the constables was actually killed in the discharge of his duty, in an affray near the hustings.

This election was productive of some whimsical circumstances. One evening, a young man of genteel appearance, and a physiognomy expressive of good-humour, hilarity, and an honest heart, reeled, smiling, into the lower boxes of Covent-garden Theatre, "hot with the Tuscan grape and high in blood." A gentleman soon afterwards appearing with Mr. Fox's favors in his hat, the disciple of Bacchus vociferated—"Fox for ever!" A phlegmatic politician in the opposite interest immediately took up the matter gravely,—"Sir, said he, do you consider the place you are in?"—"Fox for ever!" exclaimed the buck.—"Sir, the audience must not be disturbed," rejoined the other.—"Fox for ever!" was the reply.—"Sir, you are intoxicated," said the grave man.—"Fox for ever!" reiterated the buck. The grave man now began to be irritated: "d—n me," said he, "but I wish you were at Calais."—"I am half seas over, already," replied the other. The grave man now rose with an air of the utmost self-importance:—"Sir," said he, "you have offended the ladies and gentlemen round me, and I insist on your asking pardon."—"Ladies and gentlemen round me," said the buck, with a bright effusion of good-humour emanating from his eyes, "if I have offended you, I ask pardon; but as for this vinegar-faced curmudgeon, (looking at the grave man with ineffable contempt) remember I make no apology to him—so, Fox for ever! and let me see if he will follow me out." Having said this, he withdrew; but the grave man little expecting such a rebuff, chose rather to stay quietly till the conclusion of the piece, than to accompany his antagonist out of the house.

Mr. Fox, in his canvas, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles."—Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud you for your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

One day towards the conclusion of the poll, a quaker who stepped forward to the hustings, being asked the usual question: whom do you poll for? replied: "for the man who calleth himself Lord Hood, and also for the man who calleth himself Sir Cecil Wray." Another friend soon afterwards voted: "For the man who is called the Man of the People."

When the ferment occasioned by this election was at its greatest height, a carpenter in Petty France, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever, was attended by a physician

physician well known for his strenuous exertions on the side of the ministerial party. During the doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing the attachments of that gentleman, often expressed her regret that her husband could not get up to vote for Mr. Fox. Toward the latter end of the poll, when every method was employed on both sides to procure suffrages, the doctor calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed with the assistance of the nurse. "Hey-day! what is the cause of this?" exclaimed the doctor. "Why would you get out of bed without my leave?"—"Dear Sir," replied the carpenter in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" rejoined the doctor with great warmth, supposing him of the same opinion as his spouse, "going to the devil, you mean; do you know that the cold air would infallibly destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed, as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue."—"If that is the case, Sir," returned the patient, "to be sure I must do as you advise me; but I thought, while my wife was out, to take the opportunity to go to the hustings and vote for my friend Sir Cecil Wray." "How! what! for Sir Cecil!"—"Yes, Sir, I have some reasons to wish him well."—"Have you?" cried the medical politician. "Hold, nurse, don't pull off his stockings yet. Let me feel his pulse.—Very well!—a good firm stroke.—Egad this will do. You took the pills I ordered you last night?" "Yes, Sir, but they made me very sick."—"Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?"—"Oh charmingly, Sir."—"Did he?—Well, if his mind be uneasy about the election, he must be indulged. The body when diseased is prodigiously effected by uneasiness of the mind. Come; 'tis a fine day; throw a great coat about him, and the sooner he goes the better. Here, lift him up, a ride will do him good, and so—he shall go to the hustings in my chariot." The doctor was obeyed; the carpenter voted for Sir Cecil, and actually gave up the ghost two hours after his medical friend had left him at his own house.

Towards the close of this memorable contest the hustings resembled the stand at Newmarket, "An even bett that he comes in second,"—and "five to four on this day's poll," being the language continually vociferated from every part of the building. By dint of extraordinary exertions the poll was continued till the seventeenth of May, and after a lapse of forty-seven days, it concluded with a majority of 235 in favour of Mr. Fox.

At the final close of the poll the numbers were:

For Lord Hood......	6694
For Mr. Fox........	6233
For Sir Cecil Wray...	5998

On the day of Mr. Fox's triumph, there was a cabinet dinner, during which the persons present conversed about the splendid procession which took place when he was chaired, and one of the company expressed his wonder where the people had procured such an immense number of foxes' tails. "That is by no means to be wondered at, " replied Mr. Pitt, "this has been a good sporting year, and more foxes have been destroyed than in any former season. I think upon an average there has been at least one *Fox* run down in every borough in the kingdom."

ADRIAN

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; OR, A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

Covent Garden Theatre, Nov. 15.

THIS play is the avowed production of Mr. Dimond. It is a Drama of the mixed kind, agreeably interspersed with music.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Altenburgh	Mr. Cooke.
Count of Rosenheim	Mr. Munden.
Adrian	Mr. C. Kemble.
Michael	Mr. Liston.
Friedbert	Mr. Denman.
Anselm	Mr. Waddy.
Leopold	Mr. Chapman.
Haufroy, a Minstrel	Mr. Bellamy
Lothaire, a Page	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Orrilla of Rosenheim	Miss Brunton.
Matilda of Clarmont	Miss Smith.
Githa	Mrs. Mattocks.
Minna	Miss Tyrer.
Ida	Miss Waddy.

The following is an outline of the Fable:——The scene lies at the castle of Count Rosenheim, in Saxony, whose daughter Orrilla had been bred up during his absence at the Court of Dresden; Adrian, the supposed son of Madame Clermont, during his childhood, being frequently invited to Rosenheim Castle, as he advanced to manhood became deeply enamoured of Orrilla. Prince Altenburgh, the patron and friend of Count Rosenheim, proposes for the hand of Orrilla, and arrives with the Count at his castle to celebrate his nuptials. His arrival baffles the hopes of the young lovers.—Madame Clermont, terrified at the Prince's presence, prevails on Adrian to quit the territories of Saxony, and the Count, suspecting the real state of his daughter's affections, forbids Adrian's presence at the Castle. Lothaire, page to Altenburgh, contrives a meeting between the young lovers at the house of his sister Minna; and while Adrian is on his way to Minna's cottage, he accidentally preserves the life of Altenburgh, and refuses to tell who he is. The prince receives intimation from Lothaire, and waits upon Madame Clermont to thank her for his deliverance, but is disdainfully received. During this, a meeting having taken place between the lovers, Orrilla consents to elope with Adrian.—They are intercepted in their flight, and brought back to the castle. Madame Clermont, hearing of the situation of Adrian, whose life is become forfeited by the laws of Saxony, for endeavouring to run away with the heiress of a noble family, hastens to the castle, gets admission to the Count's presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of Altenburgh, she hides her face with her veil. The Prince enters, leading in Adrian, his deliverer, whose pardon he obtains. Madame Clermont kneels to the Prince, unveils, and discovers to be Matilda Carlstein, whom the Prince had seduced; and in the relation which she gives of the occurrences of her life, Adrian is discovered to be the legitimate son of Altenburgh, by which all difficulties in his marriage with Orrilla are removed; the Count consents to their union, and the Prince receives Matilda as his wife.

From this sketch of the fable, it is easy to form an idea of the materials of which this drama is built, and of the moral it inculcates. It is evidently borrowed from the German school, which is notoriously defective in that essential,

View in Thornville Park.

Pub, Oct. 1. 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

sential point, and closely resembles the play of "Lovers Vows." The incidents follow each other in regular and natural succession, and many of them are highly interesting, especially in the pathetic scenes; there is too much of declamation and description for the action to animate them, and the performance of course often lingers, particularly in the first act, which is drawn out to an enormous length. The language is boldly figurative, often exuberating into luxuriance, and sometimes bordering on bombast; but the pathos of the sentiments prevails over the blemishes of the language. The addition of some sweet and happily varied music, chiefly composed by Kelly and Atwood, relieves the *tædium* we complain of, which, with judicious compression, may, however, be easily corrected. We have seldom seen a new piece more uniformly applauded. The performers exerted themselves with great effect, particularly Miss Smith, who is the heroine, and who displayed an uncommon degree of energy in the last scenes. Cooke, Munden, and Charles Kemble, exerted themselves with great success, as did Miss Brunton, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Mattocks. The prologue, written by Mr. Skeffington, is a neat classical production; but its effect was much injured by Mr. Brunton being so imperfect in the delivery of it. The Epilogue, from the pen of Mr. Walsh Porter, abounded in pointed and happy allusions to the present election scenes, and the conduct and language of the candidates on such occasions.—It was admirably delivered by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton. So strong indeed was its effect, that it was universally encored.

The play was given out for a second representation with considerable applause, and continues to bring credit to the managers, and a crowded house.

VIEW OF THORNVILLE PARK.

An Engraving.

WE have been told that this plate conveys a true picture of Thornville Park, late the property and residence of Colonel Thornton. Of the excellence of this gentleman's fox-hunting establishment, we are best informed from the appendix to his Sporting Tour through France, which says,—"As to fox-hunting, no country in England is equal to that round Thornville; if it be possible to alledge any objection, it must be on this score, that it is intersected by rivers, which are not in general fordable. The foxes however, are so game, that you are always sure to have a good run. Of this the following anecdote affords a most convincing proof:—Being once among a company of sporting friends, who were speaking of the superior excellence of the Easingwold foxes, the author proposed an annual match of twenty guineas that he would find a fox which would run twenty miles, in the month of February, in eleven successive years; a day was accordingly appointed, the fox was viewed off and ran twenty-three miles in a most glorious style, before he was killed. This first essay put an end to the engagement, and was the cause of producing the celebrated picture of the death of the fox, painted by Gilpin, and exhibited some few years since at the Royal Academy.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BLICKLING Races.—These races, which commenced on Tuesday, October, 21, were most numerously attended:—First day, Sweepstakes of 50gs for horses, &c. bred in the county of Norfolk, was won by Colonel Harbord's, b. f. Czarina, by Saxe Cobourgh; beating Mr. Doughty's ch. f. by Wonder; and Mr. Gunton's gr. f. Allegranti:—Also a Sweepstakes of 50 guineas, was won by Mr. G. Windham's b. g. Blickling, aged; beating Colonel Harbord's b. c. Viscount, 3 yrs old, and another. —Second day, Sweepstakes of 50gs was won by Mr. Emden's b. g. Pantaloon, by Buzzard, beating three others:—Mr. Bacon's br. m. beat Mr. Mott's Englishman; and Mr. Mott's Nimrod beat Colonel Woodhouse's Grassini, one mile, 50gs.—There were several poney, donkey, and foot races; also other rural sports, which afforded much diversion.

A report being in circulation that Mr. Garforth's favourite grey mare, *Vesta*, was dead, in consequence of an accident she received in running at Doncaster, we are happy to state from authority, that she is alive and at Wigginthorpe. Vesta has been very lame by being let down in one of her hind-quarters, which she got after running at Doncaster:—She is now so far recovered as to walk about, and is quite out of danger.—Vesta is intended to be put to the horse next season, and we hope, from her being so well bred, that she will become a very valuable brood-mare.

TRAFALGAR, by Gohanna, who was lately purchased at Newmarket by Mr. C. Wilson, of Mr. Mellish, for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for 1800gs, with his engagements, arrived at Mr. Joseph Acred's Stables, near Malton, Yorkshire, on Monday the 10th instant, to be trained for the two following matches in the York Spring Meeting, 1807, viz. —Entering day, Trafalgar, 8st. 7lb. against Mr. Watt's Shittlecock, by Schedoni, 8st. the last mile and a half, 1000gs, h. ft.—And on the last day of the meeting, Trafalgar, 8st. 7lb. against Sir W. Gerard's Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 8st. the last mile and a half, 500gs.

LORD Egremont has lately sold the following stallions, viz. YOUNG WOODPECKER to Mr. Claridge, of Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham; GOLUMPUS to Mr. William Horsley, of Low-Catton, near Kexby Bridge; and DRIVER to Mr. William Lee, of Leconfield, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at which places all the above horses covered the last season; and will cover at the same places the ensuing season. Lord Egremont parted with the above stallions purposely that his Lordship's tenants, and others in the

the neighbourhood of his Lordship's estates, may have an opportunity of improving their breed of horses, which is an instance, amongst several others, of his Lordship's kind attention towards the welfare of his tenants. For the Pedigrees of the above stallions, see our Magazine for March last, pages 276, 289, and 290.

Racing Match.—On Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Weatherley's chesnut horse, Sir Hugh, by Jupiter, 12st. 7lb. (rode by Mr. Barstow) beat Mr. Clarke's brown horse, by Crop, 12st. (rode by Mr. Tweddle) four miles over the Town Moor, near Newcastle, for 100gs. At starting, 3 and 4 to 1 on Sir Hugh, 2 to 1 he was never headed, and even betting he won by a distance. Sir Hugh took the lead, was never headed, and beat his antagonist by a distance and a half. Sir Hugh ran the four miles in nine minutes and 30 seconds, in a style, considering the heavy state of the ground, and the weight he carried, that would not have disgraced the famous Marcia. At Newcastle, on the 17th ult. Sir Hugh won the Annual Hunters' Cup, carrying 13st. 2lb. four miles, beating seven others in a canter.

Trotting Match.—On the 5th instant, Mr. Pearson's chesnut gelding Snap, and Mr. Tennant's grey gelding, Wrangler, trotted ten miles on the Wilmstow road, near Manchester, for 50gs, which was won very easy by the former.

On Thursday, the 20th instant, a match was run three miles over Pontefract course, between Lieut-Cole's (of the 7th Dragoon Guards) chesnut mare, and Mr. Jackson's (Adjutant of the second battalion of the Leeds Volunteers) chesnut horse, for 50gs each, rode by the owners. At starting, the betting was in favour of the horse. Mr. Jackson took the lead, and went off at speed; Lieut. Cole kept his mare back until he passed the first mile, when he took the lead with great ease; and before they arrived at the second mile-post, Mr. Jackson fell off; the Lieutenant then cantered in. Lieut. Cole rode in a very handsome-like style.

At Tarporley Hunt Meeting, on Thursday, November 6, the Cup was won by Mr. Shaw's brown gelding, Eaton, beating Mr. J. Hough's bay colt, by Snap; and the Sweepstakes by Sir W. W. Wynne's chesnut gelding, by Glaucus, beating Mr. C. Cholmondeley's brown gelding, by Screveton.

Fife Hunt.—The Hunt, which met at Cupar, on Monday, the 10th instant, and continued for six days, had an excellent meeting, and was more numerously attended than it has been for several years. The fox-hounds gave good sport; and the balls were conducted in their usual good style. On Thursday, the Hunter's Purse of 50l. was won by Colonel Thompson's mare, Calomel, beating four others. On Friday, a Purse of 50l. was won by Mr. Baird's bay horse, Young Newbyth, after a very pretty heat.—And on the same day, a very close match was run by horses belonging to two gentlemen, which afforded good sport.

Coursing on Epsom Downs.—A coursing match took place near the end of the present month, on Epsom Downs, between Mr. Scottard's celebrated dog, Fly, and Mr. Villeboy's equally-renowned greyhound, named Snowball. The latter, it is well known, was lately the property of Col. Thornton. The match was for one hundred guineas.

 About

About ten o'clock in the morning, the hare was put up, and the dogs started in good style. The betting was two to one on Snowball. The latter took the lead, and kept it for a few seconds; but shortly afterwards Fly passed her antagonist, and gave the three first turns in capital order. The match was decided in about ten minutes. After the contest, fifty guineas were offered and refused for Fly. Mr. Durand, and many of the first sporting gentlemen were present.

The Hare and Hounds.—An extraordinary occurrence. The beginning of the present month, as T. Shelley, Esq. of Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, was sitting in his dining-parlour with Mrs. Shelley and her daughter, their attention was attracted by a pack of hounds, which a hare had led, at full cry, up to his farm-yard, where poor puss was so hard pressed, that she made her appearance upon the pavement under the windows, and to avoid her pursuers, at a second leap, succeeded in making her way through a pane of glass of the third window, into the parlour, and immediately squatted under the sideboard, when Mr. Shelley, with great presence of mind, closed the shutters, to prevent the dogs following, which they unquestionably would have done, had not that precaution been taken. He then went out, and told the huntsman what had happened, and that the hare was his, most certainly, if demanded, as a sportsman. His young master, Mr Stanford, of Theale, being present, desired to have occular demonstration of the fact, and on being gratified, begged that the hare might receive the benefit of that protection which she had so boldly sought.

The huntsman, after taking some refreshment, departed with the hounds, whose sagacity, in this instance, plainly shewed how often sportsmen are deceived, by not attending to, or implicitly confiding in them, as they not only hunted the hare to the very square of broken glass, but were extremely active in winding her under the door, separately, and at every crack and crevice of the wall and window that they could, with uprear'd feet, apply their noses to.

About an hour after the departure of the dogs, puss began to find her seat uneasy, and after running some little time about the room, in the presence of Mrs. Shelley and her daughter, she got to the window, where seeing the light peep under the shutters, she pushed them back with her nose, and attempted to get through the same pane she came in at, but it hanging a little, she retreated, and dashing through the next square, escaped, as Mr. Shelley intended she should have done, in the evening.

The strayed Buck.——A buck, which had strayed from the park of Mr. Chalier, at Sharmanbury, near Brighton, about two years since, after an excellent chase, was taken a few days ago and turned out for a second hunt, before the hounds of Mr. Campion, of Danny, near Patcham, the 21st intant. The field was uncommonly well attended. Upwards of two hundred horsemen, consisting of the most dashing sportsmen in this part of the world, were present. Many carriages, filled with nobility, attended from Brighton. The weather was favourable; and truly, a more animating scene than the field presented, had not been seen for many preceding years. The huntsman and

and his whipper-in had each new clothing, green with black caps. The chase at length commenced, and all parties were in an instant in motion, proper law having been given to the buck. The dogs acquitted themselves in a capital style; for many miles a table cloth would have covered the whole pack. After an admirable chase of several hours, the dogs ran in upon the stag in Clayton Wood, where they would presently have destroyed him, but for the interposition of the huntsman. He was taken from the field in a cart; but his velvet coat was so much torn by the teeth of his pursuers, that it is supposed, if preserved, he never will be in condition to afford another day's sport. The sportsmen at length retired, well satisfied with the diversion they had enjoyed. In the former chase, J. Newnham, Esq. of Newtimber, had a capital horse drop under him with fatigue, which soon after died.

Horse stealing.—Joseph Purveiss was capitally indicted at the Old Bailey Sessions for stealing a small gelding, the property of John Curtis. It appeared that the prosecutor was a tallow-chandler, residing in Spring-street, Mary-le-bone, and kept the horse in question, at a neighbouring mews.—— Being about to dispose of him, the prisoner, accompanied by one Warren, whom the prosecutor had some previous knowledge of, came to him on the 25th of August last, proposed to purchase the horse, and agreed to give £7 for him. He said it would not be convenient to take away the horse for a few days, but requested he might remain with the prosecutor till he should pay for him, and he would also pay for his keeping in the mean time. The prosecutor assented, and then demanded a shilling as earnest, which the prisoner immediately gave him. Mr. Henderson, a fishmonger, who had previously been in treaty for the horse, came to the mews soon after the bargain was struck, and the prosecutor, pointing to the prisoner, told him he had just sold him to that gentleman, and if he wanted the horse he must treat with him about it. The following day, Tuesday, the prisoner requested the loan of the horse, to go as far as Paddington, which was granted, and he returned him at night. On Thursday he again borrowed the horse, saying, he thought he had found a person who would buy; and as he was going to a bank in the city for £60, the price of a horse he had sold, he would take the horse with him, and bring him back in the evening. However, three or four days passed, and the horse was not returned. The prosecutor afterwards met the prisoner, who said he had sold the horse, and promised either to pay him the money, or bring him another horse of equal value, the next day: neither of which promises were fulfilled. It also appeared, that on the Thursday, when he took away the horse, he sold him to Mr. Henderson.

The learned Judge, Baron Thompson, in summing up the evidence to the jury, observed, that they must first consider, whose property the horse was on the Thursday, when he was taken away by the prisoner; and then, whether the prisoner took him away with a felonious intent of stealing him.

The jury retired for a few moments, and then brought in a verdict of—Not Guilty.

A Warranty of Soundness.—Simpson v. Pottinger, in the Court of King's Bench, Nov. 8. This had been an action tried before Mr.

Baron

Baron Sutton, at York, on the warranty of soundness given to a horse, sold by the defendant to the plaintiff. The animal not answering the warranty, the suit was commenced to recover the value. It appeared in evidence, at the assizes, that the disputants are both Yorkshire, and the object in dispute *Irish*. The plaintiff being in want of a horse, went to the defendant, a dealer; and after looking at a great number, pitched upon the one in question, and bought him as sound at the price of £57. As he was leading him home, however, the Yorkshireman began to suspect that he had bought an Irish bargain, for the horse, as the phrase is, "hung a-leg." He took him, notwithstanding, to his stables, until he was more thoroughly convinced; and it was not until six weeks after, that he made up his mind to return the *Irishman*. But the defendant was "*Yorkshire too*," and thinking he had taken in the plaintiff, refused to receive the horse; and the animal was conducted to a neighbouring public house. Here another native of the North took a fancy to the horse, and bought him for £37.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, in support of the new trial, said, that where a decision of a jury was directly against the evidence produced, the Court had made it a general rule to grant a reconsideration of the case. The only evidence produced before the Judge to substantiate the case of the plaintiff, was a farrier, who stated that the horse was spavined; and on the contrary numerous witnesses were brought forward by the defendant, to prove that no such malady existed; and among others, the very person who had purchased him for £37, who swore that he never saw, or wished to have, a sounder horse.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that the disease called a spavin, was one which was seldom curable; and, therefore, if it existed on the first sale, it must, most probably, have existed at the second; and as witnesses had deposed that the horse was perfectly sound, the verdict appeared to be contrary to the evidence.—Rule to shew cause was granted.

Canary-bird Society.——On Tuesday the 18th instant, the Canary-bird fanciers had their annual dinner at the Queen's Head Inn, Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn. It was numerously attended, and premiums so high as thirty guineas were adjudged, even for single birds. In ascertaining the value of the bird, its vocal talents are not taken much into account. Its shape, its plumage, its carriage, are the points in which its merits are considered to consist. In order, therefore, to form an exact estimate, water is procured; and when any suspicion is entertained of any artificial means having been used to improve the colour or shape of the plumage, the feather is washed in a peculiar way that does not injure it, and at the same time detects the imposture, where any is practised. To such a degree of nicety have these bird-fanciers carried their taste and skill, that they can ascertain in a moment whether the one wing corresponds with the other, in the colour, number, and exact appearance and place of the feathers. Even in the case of a feather lost, and an artificial one substituted in its place, no art or ingenuity can deceive them.

Dancing Bears.——It is well known that the bear may, with some difficulty, be rendered tame and docile, and it has then the appearance of being mild and obedient to

to its master; but it is not to be trusted without caution. It may be taught to walk, to lay hold of a pole with its paws, and perform various tricks to entertain the multitude, who are highly pleased with the awkward measures of this rugged animal, which it seems to suit to the sound of an instrument, or to the voice of its leader. But, to give the bear this kind of education, it is necessary to have it taken young, and to accustom it early to restraint and discipline. An old bear will suffer no restraint without discovering the most ferocious resentment: neither the voice, nor the menaces of his keeper, have any effect upon him; he equally growls at the hand which is held out to feed, and at that which is raised to correct him.

The excessive cruelties practised upon this poor animal, in teaching it to walk upright, and to regulate its motions to the sound of the pipe, are such as make sensibility shudder. Its eyes are frequently put out; and an iron ring being passed through the cartilage of the nose, to lead it by, it is kept from food, and beaten, till it yields obedience to the will of its savage tutors.—Some of them are taught to perform, by setting their feet upon heated iron plates, and then playing music to them while in this uneasy situation. It is truly shocking to every feeling mind, to reflect that such cruelties should be exercised upon any part of the brute creation by our fellow-men. That these should be rewarded by numbers of unthinking people, who crowd around to see the animal's rude attempts to imitate human actions, is not to be wondered at; but it is much to be wished that the timely interference of the magistrate would prevent every exhibition of the kind, that in England, at least, we might not be reproached with tolerating practices so disgraceful to humanity.

GRETNA Green marriages.—The lady who was tried for bigamy at the Surry assizes had a very narrow escape, from the circumstance of her prosecutor not being prepared to prove the validity of Gretna Green marriages. The Scotch Court has determined, on a hundred occasions, that, without any ceremony whatever, the parties living and cohabiting together as man and wife, and declaring themselves such, is as binding as the most formal marriage, although it subjects them to penalties. They held also, that a promise of marriage, with subsequent consummation, is equivalent to marriage itself; nay, in a case about ten years ago, they decided, that the man having by letters and otherwise declared the woman his wife, made her so to all intents and purposes, though it was proved that the marriage was never consummated. In May, 1767, the validity of Scotch marriages was determined by Dr. Hay, in the Court of Arches. In that case, a gentleman of fortune carried a young lady under age to Scotland, where they were married in a private house—it is not stated whether it was by a clergyman—but it was without a licence or proclamation of banns.—The Judge was clearly of opinion, that this was good in law, and that marriages in Scotland do not come within the Act of 1754, to prevent clandestine marriages. This decision was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Delegates. We make these observations, the rather because we observe it has been improperly stated in several papers, that the case at Guildhall settled the point that Gretna Green marriages

riages are not binding, whereas the lady was here acquitted for want of evidence of what the law is in Scotland.

LONGEVITY.—There now resides at Wakefield Outward, Yorkshire, a man whose name is Samuel Spur, who is in the 109th year of his age, and lives in his own cottage entirely by himself, cultivates his own garden, milks his own cow, and makes his own butter, which he takes every week on foot to Wakefield market. He is in perfect health, and retains all his faculties. His cottage is admired by the surrounding neighbourhood, for its neatness and cleanliness.

THE Sporting Baronet and the Fair Calista.—Among the numerous eccentricities, which characterize the present age, we know of none of so peculiar a cast as the one, which gives sanction to the present connection. In a few words, it may be concisely thus related:—A lady of *majestic proportions*, who has long been distinguished as a magnet among the theatrical constellations, has lately quitted her profession, in consequence of a *tendre* made by Sir—— ——, of considerable pecuniary value. The lady for whom the Baronet had so violent a *penchant* hesitated for some time between conscience and interest; but to remove all doubts, and to reconcile her strict moral principles, she, a few days afterwards, received from a female of consideration, the wife of the Baronet himself, (a woman of great beauty, and who has long been the envy of her own, as well as the toast of the opposite sex) a letter, wherein the writer recapitulated Sir ———'s offer, and begged Mrs. ——— to accept of it *as a favour done to herself!* Six hundred pounds per annum are said to be the trifling terms awarded for the condescension of the former. Could the fair *Calista* resist all these allurements? The Heroine of this article has now an elegant house and equipage at one of our favourite watering places.

THE King's huntsmen, yeomen, &c. met on Wednesday the 19th, in the Little Park, for the purpose of toiling some deer, to take to Swinley, to be turned out for hunting during the ensuing season. They could only catch two, and had the misfortune to kill five. Two leaped the Park wall, and went off for the Forest. They resumed the sport on Thursday. The Princesses, after taking their morning ride with his Majesty, went into the Little Park, and joined in the chase.

A STAUNCH Sportsman's last effort.—An elderly man, of Wadhurst, in Sussex, whose pedestrian and unwearied exertions in the field had long placed his name high in the annals of hunting, being lately engaged in his favourite amusement, pursued the chase to the death of the hare, at which, from his ability to judge best the course of the timid animal, he was the first in, and with stentorian voice gave the halloo, common on such occasions, but alas! it proved literally the *Halloo of Death*, for he had no sooner summoned the field by his signal, than he dropped down; and, surrounded by the dogs, expired amid music that must have been grateful to his ear, if not balmy to his departing soul.

A FEW days ago George Turner, hay trusser, was committed to the House of Correction by J. M. Theobald, Esq. for 3 months, for using nets in the night, upon his manor, for the destruction of hares.

And

And on Monday last John Harris, a private in the Hertfordshire militia, was also committed to the same place, for 3 months, by the above magistrate, for using snares in the night for the destruction of hares.

On Sunday morning, the 9th instant, a pugilistic fight took place behind the Ben Johhson's Head, Stepney fields, between two men, named Mahoney and Briant, the latter of whom was so severely beaten, that he died in a coach that was taking him to his apartments in Rosemary-lane.

A match at Single-stick was lately played at Castle-Cary. It was contested by many of the best players in the county; and the amateurs say, that better play was never seen.—The first prize, of ten guineas, was won by James Bunn, of Wedmore, who obtained the great prize at Botley, this year, and whose head was broken by Lyne, a Wiltshire player, at the match at Salisbury, the 24th ult.

G. Rick was last month gored to death by a bull at Pickworth, near Falkenham. The deceased had lived with the proprietor of the bull, but had been obliged to leave his service, in consequence of a determined hostility which the animal manifested towards him; they had not seen each other for some time, when the bull, having strayed from his pasture, met and killed the object of his enmity.

Army Veterinary Surgeons.—It is with pleasure we learn, that government have it at length in contemplation, materially to improve the present situation, and future prospects of this important and useful class of men.

One day last week, as the hounds of Mr. Langford, of Udimore, near Rye, in Sussex, were in chace of a hare, a bitch of the pack, being big with pup, dropped one, involuntarily, in the field, when she instantly abandoned the scent, to attend to the more imperious call of nature, the protection of her young, which she afforded by taking her little whelp tenderly in her mouth, and carrying it home (several miles) to her kennel, where she completed her litter, consisting of six fine puppies.

A few days since was killed on the Berkshire Downs, by a brace of greyhounds of Mr. Slade's, of Thorpe, a hare that weighed eight pounds and a half, and measured (without being stretched) three feet three inches in length. The weight is not so remarkable for easy resting hares, bred on good land, but the length is seldom or ever met with.

A shepherd's dog, which had lately been tied up in an out house, belonging to Mr. Woolven, of West Grinsted, in endeavouring to gain his liberty, overturned a beehive, standing near him when the occupants, enraged at the rough manner in which they had been ejected, stung the poor animal so desperately, that he died in consequence, on the following day.

Irish Wolf Dogs.—These ferocious animals, the race of which is nearly extinct, save those preserved by the Marquis of Sligo, and shewn by his Lordship to the Duke of Bedford, as a great curiosity, were placed as the supporters of the arms of the ancient Monarchs of Ireland. They were collared, *or*—with the mottoes, "Gentle when Stroked!—Fierce when Provoked!" characteristics not very inapplicable to the major part of the Irish Nation!

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

NAUTICAL GRATITUDE.

Written and composed by J. Ashley, Bath.

Published by Clementi & Co.

WHO talks of we sailors, and what we endure?
Why, bless ye, 'tis nothing at all;
We sometimes get plaguy hard thumps, to be sure,
And oft are capsiz'd in a squall:
But mind me, my hearties, "no gains without pains,"
Is the proverb, should still be regarded.
So when balls split our timbers, or swords sluice our veins,
By our Country and King we're rewarded.
Then huzza for the land which in peace or in war
Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant tar.

Some fools censure lubberly landsmen, you know,
But I say each man to his station;
Some at sea, some ashore, some above, some below,
Or what would become of the nation.
What d'ye think of Lloyd's fund? I can't pass that by,
Don't it make ev'ry sailor a king?
They bind up our wounds, wipe each poor orphan's eye,
And with joy make the widow's heart sing.
Then huzza for the land which in peace or in war
Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant tar.

Don't ye mind that procession we had t'other day,
When Nelson we steer'd to his grave?
The eye-pumps of thousands stream'd fast the whole way;
That's what I call rewarding the brave.
While merit's thus priz'd by the great and the fair,
Our foes still may threaten and boast;
They'll find if t' invade little England they dare,
Ev'ry sailor a Nelson, each Nelson a host.
Then huzza for the land which in peace or in war
Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant tar.

PROLOGUE TO ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; OR, A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

Written by L. St. George Skeffington, Esq.
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

LONG has the stage determin'd to impart
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse:
In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
Unless that vividness that Just can please;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth, and sense, and honour claim the scene!

When

When Love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's sighs.
When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's tears.
But to our author: each dramatic bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;
Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,
Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,
Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;
For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,
Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.
Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to *you;*
You, for whose favour every wit is bright,
All critics comment, and all heroes fight!
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, consolidated praise;
For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,
The *smiles* of Beauty are the *wreaths* of Fame!
Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,
Each noble passion animates the breast;
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
Exalt delight, and dignify mankind!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

NOW one confusion through the realm is found,
And noise and clamour every where abound,
And ev'ry freeman feels his conscious weight,
And Joan herself is as my lady great.

I come to canvass you; box, gallery, and pit,
For you return our Parliament of Wit;
While here, in Covent Garden, still a hustings stands,
And sheriff Mattocks asks a shew of hands,
For a young candidate, though not untried,
But in whose gratitude you may confide;
Who vows and swears, return him due elected,
Your right, your laws, shall ever be respected;
In short, he promises—but who minds that,
All members promise—therefore, *verbum sat.*
I'll to my canvass then—What shall I say?
"Your votes and interest, kind electors, pray." *(Bows.)*
Let him but head the poll this night, and I'll be bound,
No farther opposition will be found;
For in this town, we know, nine-tenths (the elves)
Ne'er take the pains of voting for themselves.
First, then, accept my—no I musn't so begin,
I musn't bribe, your suffrages to win.
First with the young men, then my luck I'll try,
I always pity young men, they're so shy.
Sweet modest youth—Hey! what is this I see!

Enter MISS BRUNTON, *running.*

MISS BRUNTON.

Nay, leave the young men, governess, to me.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

What, interrupted! shall I not be heard?

MISS BRUNTON.

I mean no interruption, on my word,
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth
To youthful hearts the cause of kindred youth.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Indeed, Miss Prate-apace!—then pray pass on;
I trust each vote already here's my own.
Unless you'd wish our votes to split—

MISS BRUNTON.

Agreed—
I care not how, provided we succeed.

MRS.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Take thou the young ones, forward fellows bold,
Not that I ever tried them—but am told,
And, on the score of long acquaintance, mine's the old.
Kind friends, who've all, like me, been young in turn.

MISS BRUNTON.

Ye youths, whose breasts with love and ardour burn,
Give him your interest, cherish rising merit.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

To stand a canvass now requires some spirit;
And, as the poet says—" You freemen little know
The rubs the candidate must undergo."

MISS BRUNTON.

He would have waited on you here to-night,
But he's so timid—

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Lard! he's in a fright.

MISS BRUNTON.

Let us then hope, divested of controul,

MRS. MATTOCKS.

We only trust you'll not demand a poll;
But do it handsomely, and give him plumpers.

MISS BRUNTON.

His thanks we'll here proclaim each night in bumpers.
True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,
You'll thus assert your freedom of election:

MRS. MATTOCKS.

While Posts and Chronicles shall Herald him to-morrow,
" Duly return'd for Covent Garden Borough."

THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST, AND BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigu'd with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf which their table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the snail did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see.
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.